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GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S DAYS:

A Tale of the Irish Rebellion.

BY

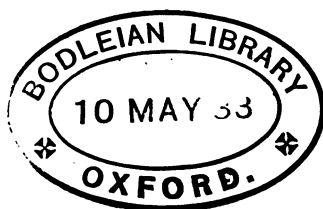
ELEANOR L. DE BUTTS.

"Hasta Luego," "Until By-and-by."

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251. K. 452



TO MY GREAT GRANDCHILDREN.


MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I leave these old worn pages to you as a legacy. They would long ago have been destroyed had not one voice pleaded on their behalf, and a hand withheld me. And so they come to you with their mistakes uncorrected, their failings unaltered.

You must take them for what they are—the ignorant inexperienced outcome of the thoughts and feelings of one who soon learned that she could not paint the history of the times, but could only tell a little of what touched her own life and home. She has lived since to regret this, her incapacity. She would fain have left to you, and to others, a true picture of the state and need, the condition and the requirements of her country and her people.

The young girl who wrote unloving truths in her journal against one name, did not at the time pause to question whether this were charity.

As to all misconceptions and errors in politics you will see for yourselves that she began to learn a little better before ending her year's record. She is learning still.

Looking back on these pages, she sees that, instinctively, she has suppressed the horrors of those days ; no one who has not lived through them, nor heard at least, nor read the ghastly details can guess what the Year of the Rebellion meant to all in Ireland.



GREAT GRANDMOTHER'S DAYS :

A Tale of the Irish Rebellion.

“ HASTA LUEGO,” “ UNTIL BY-AND-BYE.”

CHAPTER I.

CASTLE KNOCKLARA,
MAY DAY, 1798.

OUT on the rocks to-day, as I stood watching the waves, a thought came to me ; it seemed to me a very brilliant thought indeed—a sort of inspiration. Unfortunately, however, when I got home, in my ardour I went and told it to the others, and they have all been laughing at me and at it ; but I do not think I mind very much, so I am determined to keep to my thought and to act upon it just the same.

“ That is right,” Kevin said, for he was the only one who did not laugh.

Out on the rocks to-day, Kevin and I

had a long talk together. We talked on the subject uppermost in the thoughts of all in these days—our country and the great crisis to which it is come. Kevin never speaks about that before our father or when we are all together ; he only speaks of it to me when we are alone. He and I have the same sympathy on the matter. Every one else only says, “Alas ! to what a deplorable state the country has brought itself ! what is coming ?”

Kevin says that for the last six hundred years the country has been in a deplorable state, that is nothing new ; only that, for the most part people have closed their eyes and let things alone, and imagined they were happy enough—as happy as could be expected.

Who has brought about Ireland's misery ? he asks. Not Ireland herself ; that is an unfair charge, he says. Things are better now than they have ever been before ; better because the people have roused themselves at last to shake off the misery—to act for themselves. What is coming ? Why of course a good time is coming—freedom is at hand.

Ireland has waited long ; surely her hour has come at last.

Father has a different way, somehow, of putting it, but I like to listen to Kevin best. Kevin and I agree.

Last March the country was declared to be "in actual rebellion." We have looked for help to France. The help attempted two years since was feeble indeed—it ended in utter failure. The help France promises to-day is long in coming. It seems hopeless to wait.

The friends of Ireland are beginning each day to see more clearly that Ireland must help herself. A general rising it is said cannot be far off. But there is gloom amongst the friends of Ireland, for already numbers of their leaders are lost to them. There is treachery somewhere ; the Government has learned secrets ; many have been seized and imprisoned ; among others Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet, from whom much was hoped. Many have been denounced ; among others, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who, if he is in the country at all, can only remain in it by hiding.

After Kevin left me I stayed alone on the

rocks, thinking. As I thought, all hope seemed to grow greater and brighter. The mighty Atlantic rolled in at my feet, it seemed to me to chant a chorus of hope, carried as a message from that nearest, yet distant shore, the land which of late has freed herself from English rule.

The sun set in a broad splendour of crimson and gold ; the seagulls swooped and swerved and shrieked around ; their voices sounded to me like challenges, like calls to victory. Something in my own heart was singing a song—a song of success before the struggle has begun ?

Well, I confess it was rather like that. Honor would call it an omen for good, and really when one thinks of all that is ready, there does seem great cause for hope that our country is indeed on the eve of her emancipation. When the day comes, as surely come it must, soon—when Ireland has taken her place among the nations—I think all Irish will then be united in common thankfulness and in common pride, and will look back—those who stand aloof now—in wonder at themselves for their cold indifference.

I wonder whether father and even mother, too, in that day will say to Kevin and to me "Once we thought your dreams were wild; to-day we own they are realities as good as they are glorious."

I think when that day comes there will not be one among us who will not care to read a record of how the freedom was won. So that was the thought which prompted me to begin these pages. However feebly expressed, however roughly jotted down, they will be notes taken from the freshness of each day and its events, and at that future date may serve as outlines—bare and crude enough, I fear, from the fault of the chronicler not of the chronicles—still outlines which will be then capable of fillings-in and proper enlargements, and which will be forgiven their discrepancies and received kindly for the sake of their glad great news.

But they all laughed when I announced these my reasons for setting up a diary. I could get no sympathy, unless it were from Kevin, who said nothing at all, except "That is right" when I averred that notwithstanding their slights I should persevere,

Mother stroked my cheek and called it "the wild thought of a young enthusiastic girl." Father said he must send for a painter to paint my portrait at once, the portrait of historian and politician at the age of eighteen must certainly figure as the frontispiece to so famous a work. He hoped I intended to dedicate it to King George, who, no doubt would be highly gratified, and would invite the heroine to his court, and introduce her to the English.


Denis—stupid tiresome boy Denis is!—caught away a slate from Ida and forthwith began a sketch of "Eveleen O'Rossa going to Court," with her book under her arm. Lilian Trevor asked whether I was quite sure I could write the King's English? I did not tell her so, but I am not at all quite sure. Already I feel as though I do not know one bit how to write a diary.

But perhaps some day when I am very old and very wise I shall know how to gather together my disjointed beginnings and make something out of them, even though it should be only the simplest record of the

story of this year to be read to their endless profit by Kévin's and Denis' grandchildren. Meanwhile I will keep it a secret, and I know every one else will soon have forgotten all about it.

One thing is sure, I cannot possibly expect my step-mother to understand about the hopes and fears I have at heart in these days. Sometimes I wonder whether it would have been different had our own mother lived, would she have understood Kevin and me ?

But I know nothing at all of what our mother was like, excepting from my own and my brother's childish remembrances of her and of what Honor and our poor people who still love to talk of her tell us. For I never heard my father speak her name since one day years ago when we were little children, and she was sitting with us all round her in the nursery telling us a story, and he came and called her away. And she put Denis and me down out of her lap, and Roderick and Kevin from her chair, and promised she would tell us the end of the story when she came back ; that we must watch at the



window and we would see her come back in a boat with father, and then she went away with him.

And we did watch for the boat, but it was long before it came, and we saw father calling a boatman from the shore, and the man ran towards him, and then turned and ran fast to the castle, and father followed, carrying our mother.

Her eyes were closed, her clothes were dripping, her long hair had fallen loose. I never saw her again. Honor saw her. She has often told us since of the words she said to her—

“Take care of my little children, Honor, for God’s sake and for mine.” She died that evening.

After that father was seldom at home. He was away in Dublin mostly. I remember the people used always to be asking, “Is his honour coming home soon?” and our old nurse used to answer, “There is no word yet, maybe he will be back by Lady Day-in-harvest,” or “I am thinking he will be apt to be home by Hallowtide,” or “The master will surely be here for Christermas.”

But the harvest would be reaped, All Hallows' Eve would pass, Christmas would come, and Castle Knocklara would still be left to the children and to the servants. When he did come it was not to stay for long. Honor used to tell the people they were hard on him—they drove him away with their complainings—could they not leave the poor master in peace?

But the people said to whom could they go for help if not to his honour?—how could they help it if all things went wrong so long as his honour was not there to see them righted? And father, with care-lined face, sat for many hours each day in the great lonely library over piles of papers and huge account books, and sent us children away, when we came to him, saying we were too noisy.

In the evenings I remember we used to be with him when he sat in the straight-backed carved chair before the turf fire and would take me on his knee, and stroke my hair, and not look at me.

Once I asked him to tell us the end of that story for which we had had to wait so long, but at first he did not seem to hear but to

keep looking into the fire, and when I asked again he said he did not know the end, and told me it was time for me to go to bed.

Honor always considered her charge of us a doubly sacred one after our mother's last words. She has been as faithful as possible, but I am sure we all ran wild in those days. I never felt the want of sisters—I had my three brothers—Roderick and Kevin older than myself by a good many years; Denis just younger.

We had companions in our clergyman's adopted children—his nephew and niece—the Blakes of Loughnagurra, they were as wild as ourselves. Geraldine, who is just my age, was the wildest of all. I think she keeps that character to this day.


Our home is in Mayo. The O'Rossas must have built this castle in warlike times, for it is perched high up on the edge of the giant crags which overhang the sea. Its walls are weatherbeaten until they have grown black, age and the sea storms have marked them with the weirdest appearance. The country all around is very bleak and barren—wide desolate tracts of bogs—some

peat fields, rocky pasture land, and hills covered only by heather and gorse and boulders of granite.

There are no other houses except Loughnagurra and the poor people's cabins within nearly thirty miles. There are very few of the people who are not Roman Catholics; those few come on Sundays to the Protestant service held by Mr. Roche in the little chapel here in the castle. It is said the O'Rossa family are Protestants "by mistake." It is all owing to a quarrel between one of our forefathers and the parish priest.

The priest demanded obeisance; the O'Rossa haughtily refused. The priest closed the church doors against the lord of the castle; the lord of the castle broke them down with violence, turned the priest outside, drew his sword and made it a decree in the family that mass had been said for the last time in Castle Knocklara chapel. And he sent for a Protestant chaplain from the north.

Roderick and Kevin used to study with Mr. Roche. Mr. Roche, I think, looks just the same now as he has done ever since I can



remember. He must always have been old. I have never seen him angry, though I am sure the boys did much to try his patience. He has always the same mild half-absent look.

One day when father said good-bye to me he told me he was going to a beautiful country called England, should I like to come with him? he asked in jest. I said no, I should be afraid to go to England—I hated England—it was such a wicked country. For Honor told us often that Ireland belonged to England, and that the English were hard, proud people, who despised the Irish and gave them cruel laws, and ground them down and oppressed them until they were little better than slaves.


Father looked grave and made me repeat more of what Honor had said, and then looked graver and told me to stop. He said it was not good to say things like that, that I must never say them again. And he tried to explain a great deal about laws and about Parliament, but I could not understand anything he said, and told him I liked Honor's stories best. And father sighed, and kissed

me and said good-bye, and went away to England.

Perhaps what left a greater impression than Honor's words was an old childish story Kevin made up against the Saxons. He used to tell it when we were in bed of a winter's night, when Honor had gone downstairs to supper in the servants' hall, supposing us to be safely asleep.

Once upon a time, Kevin used to say, when Dermot MacMorrough, the faithless King of Leinster, had betrayed his country into the hands of the Saxons, it happened that a very brave chief, Tirlough O'Rossa, lived in Castle Knocklara. One day the Saxon fleet appeared beneath his walls, and summoned him to surrender his castle, and bid his wild Irish followers submit. Tirlough O'Rossa laughed scornfully and called to the Saxons to come on.

First they shot showers of arrows, but the walls were strong and the Wild Irish were safe behind them. Then they tried to scale the walls, but the Wild Irish went up to their battlements and hurled down huge stones on their enemies' heads. Then they



determined to lay siege to the castle for a hundred days, for they thought to starve the Wild Irish, but the Wild Irish could not be starved, for on the tenth day they rushed out, brandishing their shillelaghs and with hungry yells fell upon the Saxons, and the Saxons thought they were coming to eat them alive, body and bones, and they feared the Wild Irish in their fierce hunger, and thought they would rather have them on the other side of their walls, so in all haste they set sail, and sailed away as fast as they could back to their own land, and never came near Castle Knocklara again.

Now this was an omen—so Kevin always ended his story—that from thenceforth and for ever, the O'Rossas would never yield to the Saxon tyrant.

How wildly the winds used to howl those winter nights as Kevin told this legend by the dim rushlight which Honor had left burning in the nursery ! How the waves used to thunder against the rocks and the rain to beat upon the window pane ! How frightened I used to be when Kevin would proceed to act his story by imitating the

yells of the Wild Irish, and pouncing upon my little bed, with a poker flourishing in the air, and declare I was a Saxon, and he a fierce Wild Irish chief come to eat me up! I would mingle my screams for mercy with the cries of Kevin's Wild Irish, until Roderick would remind us that Honor would hear at the bottom of the house and come to know what was the matter, and then there would be an end to all fun.

We could both see the prudence of this warning, so I would stop screaming and Kevin would scramble back into bed, there to begin some other story invented at the moment, and always about tyrants and those who resisted their tyranny.

It was usually interrupted in the middle by Roderick, who declared we had had enough of such "long-winding sleepy stuff," and flinging his pillow at Kevin, told him he might stop. Then of course Kevin would start up and call him "a Saxon scoundrel," and return the pillow, followed by his own, perhaps mine too, snatched from under my head whether I liked it or not—and a regular war would be the result—

Kevin personating Tirlough O'Rossa and his faithful followers—Roderick the Saxon foe. They would grow tired at last and lie down peacefully side by side and go to sleep, and let me do likewise.

Ah, how little Kevin dreamt that while he was fighting his sham battles with such earnest warmth, our father—away in England—unlike his imaginary predecessor who drove the Saxons from his walls, was wooing a Saxon maiden and asking her to come and live in his castle in the “far west.”

Honor received a great sealed letter from our father one day, and she and Shane, the old butler, were talking together all the morning, and Honor looked as though she had been crying, and then she came and told us with dry eyes that we were going to have a new mother.

I think we should all have thought it very good news indeed, if it had not been that the letter said that Millicent Trevor was an English lady. Roderick and Kevin rose in rebellion at once, it was an outrage on their feelings, and they grandly affirmed that no

Saxon, man, woman, or child should enter the walls of the O'Rossas.

Honor told them they were only foolish children who did not know what they were saying, that they could not possibly help anything their father chose to do, and that they ought to be very glad. I do not think Honor was at all glad herself. But she never told us she was not, and she left off talking against England and the English from that day.

But among ourselves we talked a great deal and worked ourselves into a state of excitement. Denis was too young to care anything about it, but Roderick and Kevin ended by making me nearly as disaffected as themselves. I was inclined to think it must be nice to have a mother—but my brothers frightened me by telling me how hard-hearted step-mothers were—English step-mothers in particular—and how especially she would be cruel to me—(they would take care of themselves)—how she would make me learn lessons all day long, because she was a Saxon, and the Saxons always did oppress the Irish.


But time went on and father brought her home, and we looked in vain to see what the great difference that marked an English person from an Irish person could be,—looked in vain for the terrible, hard-hearted step-mother, our imaginations had pictured—we found in her place some one good and beautiful, lovable and loving, and we took her into our hearts and have loved her ever since.

Yet at times I wonder—only I, quite to myself—whether the shadow we conjured up to ourselves in those old, childish days—has ever quite ceased to haunt Kevin even now?

It was he who was really our leader then, and when in our joy we cried to him to own how wrongly he had led us, he said nothing. He has said little on the subject ever since, and he has never called her “mother.”

She was six-and-twenty when our father married her. That is now eleven years ago. A little girl was born two years after their marriage. Kevin says mother spoils Ida. I think she does, a little; she is certainly rather a remarkably naughty child.

Only last month we had another “English invader” (I quote from Kevin) enter our



home. Mother's father died, and his ward having no other relations came to live with mother. They are cousins.

Lilian Trevor is several years older than I, mother had not seen her since she left her at home a mere child. I thought before she came that it would be pleasant enough to have a girl-companion, but Geraldine Blake grew dreadfully jealous, and said she wished she were not coming. (As if any one could take Geraldine's place in my friendship !)

Kevin said he would not advise me to think it pleasant, but when I asked what he meant by that, I could not get him to explain anything.

I must own that this time his warnings have turned out right. For I do not like Lilian Trevor at all. She is proud and cold, and full of airs and graces, and is always saying cutting, sarcastic things against our country. *She*, I believe, does not like one of us, except perhaps her cousin. It is a very great change to her—so she always gives us to understand, and I do sympathise with her—to leave the society to which she has been accustomed all her life and to come and live in

this desolate out-of-the-way place. She says there is nothing to do. I try to help to make it happier for her, but nothing interests her.

She and Kevin disagree whenever they speak to one another, which is not often. Perhaps it will all be better when Roderick comes home; every one makes friends with Roderick. He writes he hopes to get leave, if possible, soon. His regiment is quartered just now in Dublin.

Father wished that Kevin should go into the army instead of Roderick, but Kevin, when the time came, said he would rather not. As Roderick was willing, father let him take his place, and Kevin is still at home, undecided what he is going to do. He is supposed to be helping father in looking over the lands, but there has been some talk of his going to join Jack Blake, who has bought a farm in America.


It takes a long time for letters about it to go and come from America, so nothing is yet settled, and of late Kevin has spoken no more of it.

I do not know why, but lately Kevin has become silent about everything. He seldom

talks to any one but to Geraldine and to me. We three are constantly together, all the last few months we have spoken of little else than the prospects of the country. Geraldine is an enthusiast. According to her it is all one vista of hope: nothing daunts her. The right must triumph she cries: she never for a moment doubts but that it will. But Kevin says before the wrong can be righted—between the trial and the triumph—there is a desperate struggle to face. Already the best plans have been thwarted, the best leaders have been taken away: if the remainder do not rally with the force of whole-hearted purpose, everything may yet be lost.

Of late he only listens to Geraldine, and for the most part keeps silence himself. Often he tells her to go on talking—that he likes to listen. He used to laugh a little sometimes at Geraldine's sanguine vehemence, and tell her that her reasoning was too much that of a woman who was sure of success because she willed it so. But I never see him smile now. He has grown graver and graver, and his face has taken a dark, determined set.

The other day he told Geraldine and me



never to repeat to others anything he said to us, the less we talked openly on such a question the better. We seldom do. I feel sure father does not realize in the least how we and Geraldine have this matter really at heart. Mother has sometimes tried to reason with me, but I fancy she is beginning to see it is hopeless. Of course she looks at everything from such a different point of view from what I ever could.

Oh how I wish that at this very moment I was very old and very wise, and that my history of the struggle was completed, instead of not yet commenced ! How I wish that the end had come, and that all—*every one*—were ready to acknowledge that with Ireland's freedom, Ireland's peace and Ireland's prosperity had at last begun !

CHAPTER II.

May 18th.—A proclamation has been issued, which offers £1000 reward for such secret information which would lead to the arrest of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Will there be found any one so untrue to his country's interest as to yield to the temptation?

It has been said that the Government had hinted that if Lord Edward would but make his escape from the country the ports would have been open to him and no hindrance have been put in his way. Of course the offer was rejected, and of course the only alternative left to the authorities is to aim at his arrest.

Many however think that Lord Edward is now in France. But Kevin and Geraldine and I know better. Kevin told us to-day in secret that he is in Dublin—in concealment.

“Only to think!” Kevin continued with a groan. “Only to think of the folly of imprudence in a man like this!—a man to whom

the country looks, and with whom she entrusts her highest hopes ! ”

Lord Edward has been in hiding since the arrests of last March. He has meanwhile recklessly exposed his life by walking out at night, receiving company, jumping in and out of a boat on the canal, for the amusement of a child, and visiting his wife in Denzel Street where the maid, who believed her master to be in France, to her surprise found him late one evening sitting by the firelight with Lady Edward. Since then he has continued his visits, but disguised in woman's clothes. He had not been two days in the house of the lady with whom he first found refuge, under the name of Jameson, before the lady's manservant told her he knew well “ who the gentleman upstairs was,” and showed her his name written in full inside one of the boots which had been sent to be cleaned. It was no thanks to Lord Edward that the man added that “ there need be no fear—for he would die to save him.”

When Lord Edward, touched with his fidelity, wished to see him he refused, saying “ No, I will not look at him, for if they should

take me up I can then swear I never saw him."

The Government, it is said, is now thoroughly alarmed, and thoroughly in earnest; they will carry out the search with all their power.

Kevin does not know where Lord Edward is staying at present, or if he knows he will not tell us.

May 19th.—Last night I was wakened out of a comfortable sleep by a little flying figure in its nightdress, all legs and arms and tumbled hair, coming bursting in at my door, making straight for my bed jumping up, scrambling into it, and cuddling down beside me.

"Ida!" I exclaimed, "what brings you here?"

"Oh I am so frightened," the child gasped, half crying. "I woke up just now, and thought I heard a noise, and I called Honor and Honor never answered me, and when I went over to her bedside Honor was not in her bed, and I ran to the door to call her, and when I opened the door I saw something like a light and somebody coming down the passage, and I thought it was Honor, and it

was not Honor at all ! It was a dreadful man with a black face, Eveleen ! and he walked downstairs."

"It was Shane perhaps," I suggested.

"No it was not Shane—Shane has not got a black face. And this man had an awful black face just like the people who come on Hallow Eve dressed up in masks. Only it was not a funny mask like theirs but all black."

Ida had time to say no more before Honor came in with a light, looking for her.

She said the child was talking nonsense, and explained everything. She said she had got up to shut a door which was creaking, and that it must have disturbed Ida who wakened the minute in which she was away.

"It was just a bit of an old black shawl that I was after lapping about my head for dread of the face-ache that scared Miss Ida."

"I saw a man with a black face," persisted Ida perversely.

"It was half asleep you were," said Honor wrapping her up and taking her in her arms. "I never did see such a child for dreaming quare dreams and making believe they are living truths."

And she carried Ida—a little sleepy bundle back to her bed in the nursery, half scolding, half reassuring her all the way. “And here am I scared out of my senses to know what had become of you—and you disturbing your sister at this hour of the night!”

“I saw a man with a black face!” Ida murmured sleepily.

To-day her thoughts have been too full of a prospect planned by Honor, to revert to her midnight fancies.

Early this morning I heard her little shrill voice down on the beach calling to Kevin who was going by boat on business of father's with some tenants at Ballycarrig.

“Kevin!” cried Ida, “I am coming with you! Honor says you are going up to Ballycarrig, and she said I might ask you to take me and Terry in the boat—and Terry and I could stop at Ballycarrig cave all day until you were ready to come and fetch us home—and Honor has given me cheese cakes for my luncheon—I have packed them in this basket, and when the basket is empty I am going to fill it with shells—there are all sorts of shells in Ballycarrig cave, I built a grotto of them

last time I was there, and to-day I am going to look at it, and I will show it to you—and I have told Terry to bring a spade and he and I are going to dig in the cave—ever, ever so deep down to see whether the little crabs are still there which I buried alive to know what would happen—do you think they could have got away, Kevin, when I buried them quite deep? Oh! here are Terry and the spade! come Terry!”


“I cannot take you with me to-day,” I heard Kevin answer.

Then followed a clamour of expostulations from Ida. I could only catch part.

“Honor said I might! I have got the cheese-cakes and the spades all ready. The little crabs will die if I don't go to dig them up.”

“It is very naughty to bury crabs. Of course they are all dead long ago. You must not play in Ballycarrig cave any more.”

“Yes I *must*!” cried the child's clear voice, “I want some more of the yellow shells which I found there, and there are no yellow shells of that sort anywhere else but in Ballycarrig cave. You are very horrid, Kevin, and if



you won't take me I will make Terry take me in another boat."

"Terry may take you to some other place, but not to Ballycarrig cave. Little girls who kill crabs, must not go where crabs are to be found. Terry, you hear what I say?"

And Kevin pushed his boat off and rowed relentlessly away, leaving Ida in a passion on the strand. Old Terry fell to consoling her.

"Ah now, Miss Ida, f'what made yers go for to be so bould? Shure if ye'd airsked Misther Kivin soft-like, mebbe he'd have taken you wid him. But f'what mather? Shure it's no use to be vexed at all, at all. So lave off frettin' honey, and I'll take yer some place else."

"No, I don't want to go anywhere but to Ballycarrig," returned Ida sulkily. "Will you take me to Ballycarrig, Terry?" she added, brightening up.

"Yer heard f'what his honour said, Miss Ida."


"But it does not matter what he said," urged Ida. "He need not know anything about it. *Do* take me dear Terry! You are

such a good, kind, clever old man, and I will ask Denis to buy me some tobacco for you."

The coaxing and bribery went on for some time, Terry deprecatingly averring that "his honour would kill him," Ida assuring him that did not signify. It ended in the usual way, Terry gave in, and Ida gained her point.

The expedition, however, did not seem to have given her satisfaction, for she came back at the end of the day and told me the story of her disappointment.

"All those pretty yellow shells are gone from Ballycarrig cave," she complained. "It looks quite different somehow. The ground is covered with only common shells and sand, just the same as the seashore. I thought the sea must have rolled into the cave and washed the old layer of shells away, but Terry says the sea never comes so far as that—not even on the stormiest nights. But my grotto is all gone, every bit, and Terry and I had built it up so firmly only a fortnight ago! What ever can have happened to Ballycarrig cave? And I could not find



the little crabs anywhere. I could not dig deep enough, and Terry turned crusty and would not help me, and said it was time to go home when we had only just got there."

As soon as she had done talking, Ida ran away for fear of a scolding for having done what Kevin had forbidden her.

CHAPTER III.

May 22nd.—This day brings sad news.. Father has received newspapers and letters from Dublin; they bear tidings of Lord Edward Fitzgerald's arrest. They have tracked him at last! Lord Edward was staying at the house of a feather merchant. Who it was who brought the information to the Castle is not known, but the Castle communicated the fact to the town-major who, with Captains Swan and Ryan, and attended by eight soldiers proceeded to the spot.

Lord Edward had gone to his room to lie down, when Captain Swan entered and told him he was a prisoner. A violent struggle followed, and both Lord Edward and Captain Ryan were severely wounded. A surgeon was immediately sent for; he gave the opinion that Captain Ryan's injury was the most dangerous, and that Lord Edward's was not mortal.

"I am sorry to hear it," Lord Edward said.

He was taken in a sedan to the Castle. The Lord Lieutenant gave orders that the State surgeon should instantly attend him, and sent his own secretary with a kind private message. The secretary told him besides that he was going to let Lady Edward know of what had taken place, and asked if he could take her any confidential message.

The answer was merely—

“No, no—thank you—nothing, nothing—only break it to her tenderly.”

After some hours the prisoner was removed under a strong military guard to Newgate. There were faces among those who watched the carriage and its escort pass from the Castle to the jail, whose expression could not fail to show what were the feelings of the people.

The garrison remained under arms all that night in expectation of a rescue being attempted.

Various were the comments among our home circle when father read out the news this morning.

Lilian Trevor breathed a sigh of relief, while yet shuddering for the future.

"One more evil spirit restrained! But alas! what of the rest who remain, but the more enraged?"

"They have lost their leader," father said.
"Let us hope it may weaken their hands."

"At least he can do no further mischief now," mother added, "poor infatuated man!"

"Brave noble patriot!" cried Geraldine, overflowing with indignation.

"How I wish it had happened before I left Dublin!" exclaimed Denis, boy-like.

Kevin did not say a word. The lines on his forehead contracted, and I saw that his face went white. He gathered together some newspapers which had been directed to him and left the room.

Soon afterwards father rode off to Castlebar. He has business there, and as the distance is great he cannot be back before to-morrow afternoon.

Geraldine, Denis, and I gathered under the castle rocks and talked of the news from Dublin. Denis is a student at Trinity College where he has become a vehement upholder of the Society of Orangemen. Geraldine and

he are in consequence "at daggers drawn" on the subject of politics. For each are intolerant to any shade of opinion which happens to differ from their own particular point of view.

Geraldine never fails to tell Denis that the Orangemen are a bad bigoted set—traitors to liberty—panderers to tyrants. Denis is never backward in retorting that the Society of United Irishmen are bloodthirsty rebels who require to be crushed by strong measures, "villains of the deepest dye," and that all who are in sympathy with them are the worst enemies to their country.

Mother often tries to act as a sort of "go-between." Of course she looks upon the principles admired by Geraldine as utterly wrong, but, unlike Denis, is willing to allow that those who act upon them may be truly sincere, while at the same time altogether mistaken.

The Orange Society she holds to be an excellent institution, but nothing—so she is always trying to impress upon Denis—nothing can injure it more than a bitter rabid party-spirit shown by any of its members

For Denis' zeal for Protestantism against Popery, and for loyalty against nationalism, is far too much that of a red-hot party-spirit than of true concern for either the one or the other.

Kevin never deigns to enter into controversy with him. He witheringly quenches every attempt on Denis' part to provoke him, by merely telling him that he talks of things of which he knows nothing, and that he is too young to have an opinion.

But Geraldine, who throws her whole soul into everything she does, or says, or thinks, cannot restrain herself from trying to convince Denis of what is right and what is wrong.


If *I* were to give utterance to half the sentiments Geraldine unfalteringly proclaims, I think my relations and friends would be seriously alarmed for my morals and almost suspect me of being in league with the Society of United Irishmen—but Geraldine is a sort of privileged being—she has such a serio-comic way of saying the wildest things, that no one attaches much importance to them, and few, I often think, give her credit

for meaning and feeling as much as she does.

Denis was assuring us this morning that there is a plot laid, or being laid, for seizing the college and destroying all those students who have formed themselves into a corps for self-protection and for readiness to assist in the expected disturbance. For most of the students have resisted all the attempts made to *corrupt* them (as Denis puts it).

One evening last February, he tells us, between twenty and thirty of his friends were sitting together when an alarm was raised outside their windows, and a challenge given them to come out if they dared. One young man, who was the first to rush out, instead of running down the stairs, fortunately took it into his head to swing himself over the banisters ; he cried out to the others to stop. They found that a number of lamplighters' ladders had been sawn up and fitted across the stairs in such a manner that in the general rush which had been anticipated, many must have broken their legs.

Later on, a plan for surprising the college was discovered in time. One of the porters



was to have let in an armed band, whose pikes intended for indoor work, were specially prepared with handles not more than five feet long.

Two hundred pikes were found buried under some hay in an old cow-house close to a postern door leading from the college.

Denis says it is not to be wondered at if the students of the university are no friends with the disaffected. He and Geraldine had high words this morning about poor Lord Edward. Denis fiercely declares he hopes he will "get his deserts," by which he means execution. Geraldine is confident that his friends will never rest until they have set him free.

"He will come amongst the people yet!" she said. "He will come—and all Ireland will rally round him, and he will lead them on to victory."

And she went off singing—

Where shall we pitch our camp?
Says the Shan van Voght,
On the Curragh of Kildare,
Lord Edward he will be there—
Are your pikes in good repair?
Says the Shan van Voght.

When she had gone Terry O'Toole came shuffling up with an air of mystery about his old weather-beaten face.

"Are ye alone, Masther Dinis?"

"Yes," Denis answered, ignoring with brotherly politeness my presence.

Terry seated himself on a shelf of rock and proceeded calmly to puff away with his short pipe.

After a minute or two he laid it aside.

"Masther Dinis," he began abruptly, "did ye iver heer tell of a dead man's coffin bein' so mighty heavy intoirely that it 'ud take siven sthrong men to carry it?"

"Never!" replied Denis, "have you?"

"Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't," returned Terry, oracularly. "Masther Dinis," he continued after a pause, "wouldn't ye tink that anny dacent bodies—let alone Christian bodies—would bury their dead by daylight and not at midnight, and wouldn't they carry their coffins sthraight from the wake to the churchyard, and not be for to tink that round by Ballycarrig rocks is the rapidest way from Kilnashanty to Lara churchyard? And isn't it the quarest ting

of all, Masther Dinis, if there would be some who do be sayin' they caint rightly be shure f'what's this is the name of the dead man from Kilnashanty at all, at all."

"What do you mean, Terry?"

"Now I niver said I meant annyting, nor do I mane annyting—f'what would I mane now? But it's yer honour I would like to let pass the nights in that ould bit of a cabin o' mine, f'where as yer honour knows thare's the little parth fornent the doure which lades around over the hillside to Ballycarrig. The nights are not wild this mont o' May, Masther Dinis, and the say does be aisy and peaceful. But how would I know f'what was the reason of them sthrange noises that do be goin' by; and me in bed and wakened out o' my first sleep?"

Terry shook the ashes out of his pipe, then laid it down again. There was a cunning look in the one blear eye he kept open, as after taking a glance round he leaned forward and began afresh—

"F'whisper! isn't it thrue that there do be great rewards intoirely offered to them as can tell f'where such tings as pikes and

foire-arrems and the loike do be consaled? And isn't it a power of them weapons that since the offer was proclaimed last March they have been afther discoverthing? But shure who'd go and inform? Faith, and it's not mesilf! *Thare's not a craythur in the wide worrald*, Masther Dinis, and shure I wouldn't tell ye a lie—thare's not wan craythur, though ye might sarch the counthry from end to end, that could dar to name Terry O'Toole as an informer—and that's the trute!"

"Well, go on," cried Denis his interest roused.

"Is it to go on ye want me? Shure and there's just nothing to go on about. I haven't told ye a ha'porth about annyting—mind that Masther Dinis! All I say is, go talk wid Miss Ida! She's cute, Miss Ida! Says she to me, says she, 'Why, Terry,' says she, f'what's this they have done on my grotto?' says she, 'and f'where are all them shells? Don't the whole place look as though some wan had been afther turnin' all the ground up and covered it over afresh,' says she. 'Is it the say that has done that on us,

d'ye tink, Terry?' says she. 'It's not the say thin, Miss Ida,' says I. 'The say don't wash in the length of Ballycarrig cave, I know—it couldn't iver do it, not if it thried as hard as hard could be,' says I. 'Well, I give it up!' says Miss Ida. 'And I'm of the same opinion, Miss Ida, honey,' says I. 'I give it up too,' says I. And so I do give it up, Masther Dinis. Who'd go for to meddle wid a lonesome, ould cave as the likes o' that? F'what sinse would there be for anny wan to be throublin' theirselves wid turnin' up the sand and airth jist for nothing at all? But," concluded Terry, "would ye tink bad of just mintionin' the matther to Misther O'Rossa, his honour. Maybe wan of these nights his honour might take a fancy to row himself down that way—just careless-like—and—f'whisper, Masther Dinis, if he would get some few of them constables from Castlebar to give him their company on the job, it 'ud be betther a hundthred times than biddin' *me* come row him, so it would!"

The sound of footsteps coming down the roughly cut steps in the rock at that moment, gave warning of the approach of some one.

Terry gave a sign for silence, only adding piteously in a hurried whisper,

“ Miss Aveleen and Masther Dinis, don’t ye let on that it was mesilf that’s tould you anything—shure ye won’t, not to his honour nor to the mistress, nor yet to anny person. I tell yers it ’ud just be the dead murther o’ me. And mind ye, it’s not a ha’porth I have told yers, good nor bad, about annyting at all, at all. Shure ye’ll niver brathe me name in the matter—widout—that manes—widout there should be any private talk about gittin’ the money for reward sake ? ”

“ We promise ! ” we cried hastily, “ never fear—we promise ! ”

I have not seen Denis since to ask him what he thinks of Terry’s communication, and meanwhile I feel bound to keep silence.

We have been out all the afternoon, mother and I. Every day mother goes to the marlpit field to give a lesson to Pat Connor, the herd. Pat, who has no one belonging to him but a widow-mother, was obliged to be out working for his bread when he ought to have been going to school, so that he has grown up to the age of nineteen before he has learnt

how to read or write. Until quite lately that has not been at all an unusual thing ; few of the parents about here know how to write or read, but mother, when she came to these parts, took the ignorance of the people much to heart, and persuaded father to build a schoolhouse where the children at least may be taught regularly. Mother has somehow inspired Pat with a wish to learn. We found him to-day, as usual, sitting with his little, rough dog by the hollow which he has scooped out in the side of the marlpit to serve as a cooking stove to heat his dinner of potatoes.

He had a newspaper spread out before him over which he was poring with such eager interest, that he did not see us until we were close beside him.

"What is the paper which seems to interest you so much, Pat?" mother asked holding out her hand for it.

Pat, tall, fine, young fellow, with shy, frank face, rose hastily to his feet and gave it her.

"The *U—ni—on Sta—ar*, your lady," he answered in his solemn, shy voice. The paper was printed on one side only as though

intended for fastening on a wall. Mother's face grew grave as she glanced down its columns.

"Where did you get this?" she asked.

"It was Mister Kevin that give it me," said Pat. Mother stopped short in what she had been going to say next. I saw that she looked graver still, but she merely put the paper aside and sat down with Pat and began the lesson of the day.

I took up the *Union Star* and went to a bank at a little distance off and began to read it among the gorse bushes. It seemed to me to be chiefly filled with lists of names of those who either are suspected of having informed against United Irishmen or who have been showing the strongest opposition to their plans. A great deal of abuse followed, and the people were exhorted "to rise and take vengeance."

"The *Star* " so ran the leading article "offers to public justice the following detestable traitors as spies and perjured informers. Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest may reach his heart and free the world from bondage."

I looked on further and read—

“Irishmen your country is free and you are about to be avenged. That vile Government which has so long and so cruelly oppressed you is no more. Some of its most atrocious monsters *have already paid the forfeit of their lives* and the rest are in our hands.

* * * * *

“As for those degenerate wretches who turn their swords against their native country the national vengeance awaits them.

“*Let them find no quarter*, unless they shall prove their repentance by speedily exchanging the standard of slavery for that of freedom.

“Under the conduct of your chosen leaders, march with a steady step to victory. Heed not the glare of hired soldiery, or aristocratic yeomanry: they cannot stand the vigorous shock of freedom. Their trappings and their arms will soon be yours: and the detested Government of England to which we vow eternal hatred, shall learn that the treasures it exhausts on its accoutred slaves for the purpose of butchering Irishmen, shall but *further enable*

us to turn their swords on its devoted head. Attack them in every direction by day and by night: avail yourselves of the natural advantages of your country which are innumerable, and with which you are better acquainted than they. Where you cannot oppose them in full force, constantly harass their rear, their flanks: cut off their provisions and their magazines, and prevent them as much as possible from uniting their forces: let whatever moments you cannot devote to fighting for your country be passed in learning how to fight for it or preparing the means of war—for war, war alone must occupy every mind and every hand in Ireland until its long-oppressed soil be purged of all its enemies.

“Vengeance, Irishmen, vengeance on your oppressors. Remember what thousands of your dearest friends have perished by their merciless orders—remember their burnings, their rackings, their torturings, their military massacres, and their legal murders—Remember Orr!” *

* A manifesto to be issued the 24th May. It did not in reality appear in the *Union Star*, but was discovered in the house of Henry Shears.

I threw the *Union Star* on the grass beside me. I asked myself for the first time "Is it possible Kevin knows what he is doing?" The question was not an easy one to answer. I sat puzzling it out, looking over the fields where the daisies had begun to crop up in spite of the stony barrenness of the soil, and where a flock of sheep, their wool branded with great *O'R's*, were nibbling peacefully beside their little baa-ing long-legged lambs. The hedges were bright with the yellow gorse, the scent of which was borne on the air by a little chill easterly wind. Seaward there was a haze; sideways I could just catch a glimpse of the two figures among the blackberry brambles of the marlpit, bending over the same slate—the lady from the Castle and the poor ignorant shepherd-lad.

"Vengeance!"—that is what her time and pains have taught him to spell out and to understand.

The gorse-scented breeze seemed to bring back the words—"Let whatever moments you cannot devote to fighting for your country, be passed in learning how to fight for it, or preparing the means of war—for war, war alone must occupy every mind and every

hand in Ireland, until its long-oppressed soil be purged of all its enemies. Vengeance, Irishmen, vengeance on your oppressors ! ”

Strangely blending in with thoughts like these, there came from moment to moment the tones of a sweet earnest voice telling a story—

“ Hundreds of years ago—you know it well—this other Patrick, your namesake, lived, and he, too, tended sheep on the hill-sides. You say you have never heard how, when he grew up and became the great preacher, that though he was so good, there were wicked people who longed to take away his life, and how one day when he was returning home in his chariot they determined to lay in wait for him and kill him. St. Patrick had a faithful servant named Oran, and in some way Oran learned what the people had planned against his master, and he prayed his master, that he would take his place and drive the chariot that day, and would let him take his master’s place and sit within the chariot.

“ Perhaps St. Patrick thought that Oran must be very tired—any way he listened to what he said without dreaming of the real reason, and he did as Oran desired.

"And so as they drove through the wild woods, his enemies, who had hidden themselves there, took aim at him whom they never doubted to be other than St. Patrick within his chariot, and their arrows killed Oran, and he died in place of his master, and St. Patrick's life was saved.

"I always think when I hear that story, Pat, of these words—you can read them here in my Douay Testament—

" 'Greater love than this no man hath, that, a man lay down his life for his friends.'

" 'In this is charity; not as though we had loved God, but because He hath first loved us and sent His Son to be a propitiation for our sins.

" 'Let us therefore love God, because God first hath loved us.'

"When St. Patrick was about to stand before the pagan king at Tara, he prayed a prayer which has out lived him all these years. See, I have written this part of it clearly. I want you to keep it, and to think sometimes about the words, will you ?

May Christ be with me—Christ before me—
Christ behind me—Christ within me—
Christ beneath me—Christ above me—
Christ at my right hand—Christ at my left hand."

The half-hour was ended. Mother called to me. I brought back the *Union Star* paper and left it with Pat. I felt as though I ought to have said something to him about it—it did seem a pity for a young unsuspecting lad to read things like these. But I had no words to say. Even to mother I could not speak about it—I did not know what to say—so she and I walked on in silence until we came to the cabin of the Delanys. Old Charlie Delany is better off than most of the poor near us. They say that Charlie when he was a young man made money in America. He was sitting over the fire alone to-day.

“Your servant, ladies!” and he made us welcome to the opposite settle in the chimney corner.

When Biddy, the niece who lives with him, is at home she talks at the highest possible pitch of her voice—perhaps that is the reason why old Charlie never speaks but in the quietest, most measured tones. If one only gives him time he always has a great deal to say, though it is not always easy to follow the thread of his stories—

To-day he got upon the subject of his voyage to and from America. He is quite

convinced that the way from America to Ireland is all downhill; the proof being that the ship took a much longer time to make the return voyage than was necessary when outward-bound. Ireland is very low in the sea—he went on to say—which of course accounts for the dampness of its climate.

“I do be killed wid the damp of the atmosphere yer ladyship—I don’t be gettin’ me healt’ at all. Sometimes I do be middlin’, but more times it’s rale wake I feel. The little slip—poor Biddy, God help her!—has got a cruel could, but Pather McGrath come by this morning wid his ass’ cart and said he was going to Kilnashanty and inquired would Biddy be wanting for to take them young chickens she is afther rearing to the fair that does be held there to-day, for says he ‘If yer wouldn’t tink bad of it,’ says he, ‘I’d be proud for to give yer a lift a piece of the way’ says he. ‘I’m tankful to ye Pather,’ said she. So they’re gone, the two of them.

“He’s a brave boy, Pather McGrath! I wonder now, are yers acquainted wid him, ladies? It’s himself, do ye mind, that has got married to Mart’a Sullivan, so it’s not long he

is afther comin' to this part of the counthry. Him and Mart'a come in o' Soonday, afther prayers and was talkin' here when Mither Kevin O'Rossa, his honour called to see me, and says his honour 'Is *uure* name McGrath?' 'It is sorr,' says Pather. And Mither Kevin he seated himself down there where yer ladyship do be sitting and him and Pather were in conversation for the betther part of an hour. Pather said when he was gone, says he 'That's a rale gentleman, and no mistake. If all the quality were like that,' says he, 'it would be the savin' of the ould counthry,' says he. 'Well f'what ev-err's the ma'-ing o' that, Pather M'Garth,' says I, 'I'd be glad to know,' says I—'for I question do I rightly oon-durrestand the sinse of u-ure remark,' says I. 'And didn't yer hear all them iligant ideas his honour has been spakin' for the last hour concarnin the war in the counthry?' says he. 'I did,' says I, 'but I'm a bit hard of hearin,' says I. 'Well now it was lovely,' says he. 'And is there going for to be a war?' says I. 'Of course there is goin' to be a war,' says he. 'God Almighty forbid!' says I."

Mother interrupted, unable to restrain an anxious question. "Mr. Kevin did not say that a war would be for the good of the country, I hope?"

"Pather M'Grath do be sayin' that he did say that yer lady—but," added Charlie by way of encouragement "shure nobody minds f'what the young gentleman says. He is a lovely gentleman annyway, and that's the trute, God bless him! There's not an O'Rossa—and it's seventy year and more that I've known them, and paid the rent regular, and me father before me—there's not an O'Rossa that is not rale lovely intirely, and it's right shure I am that if ever there would come a resurrection in the counthry that yerself and all the family yer lady would be treated with the greatest respect and yer house spared—but Almighty God defend us all from such an event, for it's a frightfulsome ting, war—a frightfulsome ting intirely, so it is!"

And old Charlie's thoughts seemed to drift away back to America and to the times of war which have been not long since in that country, and of which he had heard so much when there—for he fell into a fit of musing,

gazing dreamily into the smouldering embers only muttering from moment to moment an ejaculatory prayer for protection. And we on the other side of the hearth grew silent also, thinking many thoughts; and the fire died down lower and lower until all the cabin became darkened, and all within the hearth recess darker still, and we could but dimly see one another's faces. I do not know how long we should have stayed so, but just then a footstep crossed the threshold and a man looked in, then turned back to the door for at the same moment a voice at the door was asking whether any one was in the house. The voice was Kevin's—I knew it at once. I looked through the tiny pane of glass in the wall, behind which we were sitting, which shut us off from the sight of those immediately on the other side, and I saw it was Peter M'Grath who had just entered and had turned back to answer the following comer.

“There's not a craythur in the house but the ould man, yer honour.”

We heard Kevin answer “Well then stop here one moment. I want to speak to you. Are you straight Peter M'Grath?”

"I am."

"How straight?"

"As straight as a rush."

"Go on then?"

"In truth, in trust, in unity and liberty."

"What have you got in your hand?"

"A green bough."

"Where did it first grow?"

"In America."

"Where did it bud?"

"In France."

"Where are you going to plant it?"

"In the crown of Great Britain."

Then Kevin said—

"I thought I was not mistaken. Then we will shake hands, Peter M'Grath."

They grasped one another's hands. Mother rose suddenly and made a movement that they might hear. It had all passed too quickly, and we had both been too surprised to do anything but stay still and listen. Old Charlie roused up startled from his reverie, and looked bewildered from one to the other as Kevin and M'Grath with mother and myself stood before him.

I had an instinctive feeling that Kevin was

annoyed to find us there. He seemed to avoid mother's look, full of quiet, grave inquiry.

Peter M'Grath wore a scowl and would not lift his hat.

After a moment mother wished Charlie Delany good-evening, and we came away.

"Won't you walk home with us?" I whispered to Kevin in passing. I could scarcely tell why, but I had a vague feeling of unreadiness to talk alone with mother.

Rather to my surprise, after a moment's hesitation, Kevin said he would come and we joined mother in the road together. I talked of the colour of the hedges, of the rickety state of the gates through which we passed—of Charlie Delany's geese straying across a bog—of the beauty of the afternoon—of the peculiar May-like sound of the wind as it met us over the moor, sighing past our ears: of anything and everything rather than of nothing, or of those things on which we all were thinking most.

The others scarcely spoke at all, I do not think they even listened. I was trying hard to find something new to say in a hurry to

avert an allusion from mother which I feared to be pending, but at last it was too late, and she spoke.

"Your influence with the people is great, Kevin," she said.

"Is it?" Kevin replied drily.

"I feel certain of it. You cannot but know it yourself. Kevin, will you let me remind you that the greater the influence the greater is the responsibility."

Kevin made no answer and she continued—

"We could not help hearing all you and Peter M'Grath said. Would you mind explaining what it meant?"

Kevin's tone was angry.

"You have no right whatever to ask. The conversation was private. I certainly decline to explain anything."

Her colour rose—she was hurt at Kevin's manner, and more uneasy than before.

We all walked on in silence.

"Forgive me," she said sweetly after a moment, "if there is anything to forgive. The minds of the people are easily excited at such a time as this. I think you could not yourself have read the paper you

gave to Pat Connor. Do be careful another time what you give. I do wish really you would put no such papers either in the way of Pat—nor yet of any of the people—I think you cannot measure the harm it is doing.”

“I shall give whatever I see fit to whoever I please. I acknowledge no sort of right on your part, Mrs. O’Rossa, to interfere with anything I choose to do, or not to do.”

Mother seemed to resent his words to her, and showed it by a certain calm dignity which prevented her from addressing another syllable to him for the rest of the way.

As we were nearing home Mr. Roche came out of the cabin of some Protestants and joined us. Kevin and I dropped behind.

“How could you speak to mother in that way?” I asked him reproachfully.

“I will not stand such interference!” he declared fiercely. “I know what she will do—when our father comes home she just means to go straight to him and work upon him by repeating everything she has picked up, and I make no doubt nothing will be lost from

lack of a prejudiced colouring. I hate such mean, sneaking, English, meddlesome ways!"

He was not in a mood to listen to anything I could say.

"You are very cross, Kevin," I said at last.

"Not with *you*, Eve," he returned suddenly softening.

Presently he said—

"You must not let her talk you out of what you know to be right." I suppose something I had said, or had not said, had made him a little apprehensive as to whether my politics were beginning to become a little shaken. "Now I am going to leave you. I must go down this way. I shall not be home till late," he said when we came to a gate in the fields not far from the castle. "What is that you are carrying?" he asked taking the Douay Testament from my hand and looking at it. "I want this," and he put it in his pocket.

"It belongs to mother," I explained.

"Never mind, I will keep it safe and give it back to you by-and-bye," and he vaulted over the gate and strode away across the peat field.

As I hastened to overtake mother and Mr. Roche, Geraldine and Denis came to meet us. I could not help marking the contrast between the two stepsons as Denis sprang to mother's side and walked home with his arm wound affectionately round her, full of spirits and nonsense all the way.

"Do you know you are going to have a guest in the house to-night, mother ! I have invited a young lady."

"And since there is not a second to answer that description within some forty or fifty miles, it will not puzzle Mrs. O'Rossa much to guess her name," laughed Geraldine. "Denis and I have been fighting all the day, and—I cannot imagine how it is—but somehow we have ended by becoming very friendly, and he has asked me, or I have asked myself, to stay at Castle Knocklara until to-morrow. May I, Mrs. O'Rossa? May I, uncle?"

They both looked upon it as one of Geraldine's erratic freaks, but both gave their free consent.

It was dinner hour when we reached home. Directly dinner was over Geraldine

and Denis pulled me out on the terrace and informed me they were determined I should not go to bed to-night until long past midnight. Then they explained themselves—all in mysterious whispers.


Denis had had a further talk with Terry O'Toole and had pressed him hard, and had found out that there was very grave probability of the truth of his hints about the concealment of arms at Ballycarrig cave. Geraldine had got hold of the story too through coaxing Terry to tell her. They had both faithfully promised Terry, who is now in a great fright at what he has done, to speak no word on the matter beyond ourselves—until at least father comes home.

But Denis has taken a fixed determination from which no manner of remonstrance can dissuade him, that this very night he will go himself by boat and watch the cave. Terry declared that nothing should induce *him* to go, so in much trepidation lest any one should urge him, he has hurried home to bed in broad daylight.

Geraldine is in a curious excitable mood.

She is equally determined that if Denis goes we must go with him.

"I only wish," she said to me aside, "I only wish that Kevin were home this evening. In spite of Denis, or Terry either, I would certainly ask him about it, and, if he could not prevent Denis from going, to go himself also. But he told me this morning he would be away all day, so when I found that nothing could shake that most obstinate of boys, Denis, from the plan he had made for to-night, I turned round and said I would come with him. We are to start at half-past nine—so as not to let Mrs. O'Rossa or any one else guess that we are going to stay on the water later than other evenings—but we are not to be at Ballycarrig until twelve o'clock. No, Eveleen, you are not to make a single objection—Denis and I have settled it all. You are just to come and say nothing. I feel that you and I are wanted—I mean it quite in earnest. If there *should* happen to be anything to be seen or heard at Ballycarrig which would not be approved of by Denis, there is no knowing into what



trouble he might not bring himself and others, but if you and I are with him it may ward off suspicion of interference. It will only be thought we have come for a row as on other nights."

She has overpersuaded me—I have promised to be ready at half-past nine o'clock. In the meanwhile I have been writing down in my diary the entry for the day. The light from my turret window is already growing too dim to write more.

The castle clock has struck nine. I see Denis down on the strand getting the boat ready. Geraldine is coming with shawls. She is calling me. It is time to start.

CHAPTER IV.

May 24th.—We were soon out of sight of the castle windows. Denis had told Shane we should not be home until late, and Shane as a great condescension had entrusted him with the key of the side door.


The moon rose and shone over the waters, but their vapoury clouds dimmed its brightness. We rowed slowly down the coast under the black shadows of the line of rocks. Rallycarrig was but a few miles off, and it was two hours and a half before we wanted to be there.

Denis had brought matches and candles for entering the cave. I had misgivings whether it were not a foolish thing we were doing, and tried to persuade him to be content to watch the place from the outside. But Denis, as Geraldine says, is obstinate to the last degree. He only said when he had drawn the boat up into a little hidden cove in the rocks' side, that we had better wait there while he went on alone.

But Geraldine would not hear of it, and was the first to spring to land, and I when I found how still and weird the bay of Ballycarrig looked, quite shut in among the high queer rocks, began to feel it would be a lonelier thing to be left in the boat which the water kept lapping up and down in the corner of the cove, than to follow the others into the darkness of the cave.

We did not land near the entrance to the cave—we clambered up the rock sides where there was no path ; the way was rough and often shelving and slippery, hundreds of feet sheer down below the ground we trod, there was nothing but deep dark water. We are all well used to climbing, and went swiftly on one after the other, uttering no word and taking care that our footfalls should make as little sound as possible.

We reached at length the level table land of short turf which stretched away for miles into the country. To the north there were hills rising above the flatness ; on these there were great fires burning. Looking down on the bay all was as still as before, there was




not a light to be seen all along the coast. Looking across the stretch of turf we fancied we could see a few dark specks like figures in the far distance moving towards our direction, and in another minute we were quite sure.

We all crouched down behind a safe crag which rose higher than the rest above ground. Very soon the tramp of several pair of feet came near—so near that they passed close beside us—and turned down over the cliff at no great distance.

“We must stay where we are,” Denis whispered, and we waited, crouching always beneath the shadow of the rock, and sheltered by piles of massive boulders.

The light of the moon struggled feebly now and then through the long line of black straggling clouds which chased each other across the sky. The sea was calm, and sent up no sound, save that of a dull sullen thud as the waves washed up with sudden shock against the rock-walls’ base.

The beacon bonfires rose red and wild ; at times seeming to sink and wane, but only to



flare forth anew with lurid gleam, answering one another from hillside to hillside.

Over the wide, wild moor from time to time came the tramp of heavy feet as in twos and threes, or often singly, men passed, for the most part, in silence ; but now and then singing together as they pushed rapidly on to the same point where the first had turned aside.

At last there came no more, and after waiting a little longer we rose from our hiding place, and followed in the way they had gone. It was a narrow path which led down directly to the cave.

There is a side entrance to the cave, and a small side recess which is connected with the main body of the interior. Denis said we must enter that way, and that we could not light the candles, but must grope along the low passage as best we might.

"Suppose they should see us and be angry?" I suggested, once again.

"They will not see us unless we choose," Denis said, and disappeared into the black hole.

"They cannot be angry with you and me," Geraldine said, and darted after Denis.

"Why should we not pay a visit by moonlight to Ballycarrig cave as well as any one else?" I asked myself, and made haste to follow the others who were at once lost to sight.

As I groped on, feeling the way by the walls on either side, I was presently startled by a hand thrust from somewhere out of the darkness which clutched mine and held it fast.

"Don't speak," whispered Denis' voice, as I began a smothered exclamation, and he dragged me on safely after him.

When we had gone a few yards we stopped to listen. There was singing inside the cave. Men's rough wild voices singing with defiant zest; it was easy to recognise the air, "The Shan van Voght." As the voices rose, the rock-vaulted cave gave them a strange sepulchral sound, and a muffled echo reached us which meant—

The French are on the wave,
Says the Shan van Voght.

We crept closer. The last verse rang out

with a loud enthusiastic burst which sounded like a peal of thunder :—

Then Ireland will be free
Says the Shan van Voght,
Then Ireland will be free
Says the Shan van Voght,
Then Ireland will be free,
And we will plant the laurel tree,
And we will call it liberty !
Says the Shan van Voght.

A minute later a great universal cheer broke forth, but seemed to be suddenly suppressed, and then there was the sound of one voice speaking alone. It went on without ceasing, in clear, steady tones, but the surrounding reverberation carried the words away before we could catch their meaning. Geraldine made a start forward and went on—we dared not call her back, so followed with hushed steps.

We came to the aperture which joined the central cave. We could see without being seen. The cave was dimly lighted by torches. It seemed crowded with men. Nearly all had blackened faces, which made it difficult to recognise them. Some one at the end of the cave was addressing them.

Geraldine grasped my arm tightly.

"It is Kevin!" she exclaimed below her breath. I knew it before she spoke.

It was Kevin without disguise. Even had his face been masked or blackened like the rest, which it was not, there could have been no mistake about the voice. For the first few moments I heard nothing of what he was saying, although from our present standing place, every word was distinct. It was such a strange sensation—to look around on the eager, earnest crowd of faces, all turned with breathless attention to where Kevin—our brother Kevin—stood up before them, calm, self-possessed—an air of determined decision showing itself in every line of the pale, unflinching countenance—in the compressed brow—in the dark, deep-set eyes, full of a strong purpose—in the firm-set mouth—in every movement and gesture, as he spoke to them in tones, free of excitement, but fraught with a sort of life-or-death earnestness. At last I began to listen with the others.

"Men of Lara! Once again I ask you the answer to one question—*What has England done for you?* There are hundreds in our

land, who know no answer to this question ! they are content to take it, on trust, that England has done her best for them : they are content to struggle on in slavish degradation, because they see no way to rise, because they know of nothing better.

“ They think English rule inevitable, resistance hopeless—they take the misery and the evil of their existence with blind submission : they are content simply because they are ignorant. They feel themselves bound to believe in English government, simply because they are unacquainted with English iniquities.

“ You of Lara know better. It is not in vain, I have told you night after night of these things. I wish only to put you in remembrance of a few of the facts you have already learned. You have but to ask yourselves who it was who wrenched your land from the hands of your forefathers at such time when their hands were weakened, and they could not hold their own ?—who they are who say by every act that ‘ might is right,’—who they are who reconcile it to their consciences to reason ‘ The land is ours—*ours*, because we

will to have it ; ours, because with our swords we have bought it at the price of its people's blood, the land is ours to do what we like with ; to neglect and to hold in contempt ; to ruin and to let run waste ; ours to abase, to thwart and to trample upon.'

" Who is it who has made you a byword on the face of the earth ? Whose fault is it if the name of an Irishman is a name coupled with ridicule ? Who, reckless of responsibility in the matter—with never a sense of shame—are the foremost to point the finger of scorn ? Yes, who heap reproaches upon you, scorn you and scoff at you, deride and despise you ?

" Who enrich themselves at your expense, and get themselves fame, and are held high in the honour of the nations, while they leave the people they call their subjects to suffer, to starve and to sink ?

" Who have hunted down those of your ancestors who dared to be true and to stand together to fight for their rights ? Who have burnt and robbed and ruined thousands of homes in our land ? Who have mown down our people with the sword, and divided their

possessions among their own followers? Who have forced upon you a strange language, strange customs and laws? Who have shifted sides and changed the rule of the land according as prince, or party, or policy have changed? Who have never once given you the chance of a fair, firm, continued government? Who put a stop to industry by introducing the selfish, shameful Acts against free navigation and the woollen trade? Who crushed Irish prosperity by forbidding the sale of wool elsewhere than in England itself, where they fixed what prices they pleased? Who is to blame if the Irish people, disheartened and driven to despair, have sunk back into the depths of poverty and idleness?

“It is needless to repeat the long, black list of England's crimes against yourselves and your land. You have but to recall them. You have but to realize your own position in these days to give back the answer with full, unfaltering force—‘*This is what England has done for us!*’

“People of Lara, I call on you to-night to stand up and show your colours! These are

days when you *must* choose. You must belong to one side or to the other. On which side will you range yourselves? Will you take rank, whether by act or sympathy (it is the same thing) among the cowards who cringe and cower to a foreign despotism—will you say by word or demeanour ‘We will be your slaves for ever!—we will obey to the end; tread upon us, trample!—we dare not turn.’ Will you, I ask, crouch in the dust before your oppressors and make yourselves a curse to your country—or—will you rise like true men, and vow by all the wrong that you will not rest until you have seen it righted?

“By every dark deed which has been done against our people; by the passion of their cries; by the voices which have been stifled and are heard no more; by the voices which call to you now to come and give your help; by every effort which has been suppressed; by every effort which needs your strengthening; by the silence of dumb despair; by the patience of passive endurance; for the sake of your country’s cause and freedom; for the sake of your fellow-countrymen who have bound

themselves to serve you : for an example to your countrymen who waver and hold back ; for the sake of your wives and your little children ; for the sake of all you love and honour, go down on your knees, every one of you, and vow by our solemn oath that you will lay down your lives for your land—that you will bind yourselves in a brave brotherhood, which shall never be broken.”

The voice ceased—all the men with one accord fell on their knees—there was a moment's hush. Kevin held out a book to them—mother's Douay Testament ;—the man who knelt nearest to him, took it and kissed it and repeated in steadfast tones—

“ In the awful presence of God, I, Vincent Costello, do voluntarily declare that I will persevere in endeavouring to form a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of every religious persuasion, and that I will also ”—

“ I can stand this no longer ! ” Denis cried aloud in the heat of his anger, and with clenched fists was about to dash into their midst, but was withheld by Geraldine.

“ Let us come away quietly,” she entreated, “ I implore you to keep quiet.”

But her opposition only excited Denis the more, and the altercation and his unsubdued tones soon attracted the attention of those who were nearest to the opening. A cry was raised—

“A spy!—turn him out! who is it?” and several men grappled with Denis, while another plunged after me into the darkness, under cover of which I was trying to draw back, and, seizing me, forced me forward.

“That is a woman!” cried some of the others, and they thrust a lighted torch towards my face.

I was sure it was Pat Connor who was holding me.

“Let me go!” I said, “Pat Connor, you know me!”

And several voices cried—

“It’s Miss Eveleen O’Rossa! Hands off, boys! And the other is Miss Geraldine Blake, of Loughnagurra!”

And Pat said instantly,

“I ask your pardon, lady.”

I looked towards Kevin with feelings full of fear. He had just caught the report, now passing quickly from mouth to mouth, and

had stopped short in what he was doing, and was looking across with keen glance to where we stood, surrounded by many dismayed countenances. His own expression, as with quick step he came straight over to us, was by no means encouraging.

"What brings you here?" he demanded sternly, addressing himself chiefly to Denis.

Denis in unrestrained language began at once to denounce the whole proceedings.

Kevin did not heed: he turned to Geraldine and me saying—


"You have done exceedingly wrong."

Geraldine, nothing daunted, began to explain how we had not known of the meeting or would certainly never have come.

"But," she said, speaking to the people, "I can only say,—and I know you will believe me—that from my heart, I wish you all, and your cause, well."

The men in response to those words gave her a sort of ovation and called down fervent blessings on her, for the rest of her life.

"Do not be angry with us!" she was pleading meanwhile with Kevin. The glow of enthusiasm created by his speech had not



yet left her face. Perhaps he saw it—his severity had relaxed a moment on hearing her words to the people—Kevin is always lenient to Geraldine—he only said “You must go home at once,” and beckoning to two or three of the men he talked with them a few moments aside.

Denis who had never ceased threatening everybody in vehement terms was just then engaged in angry altercation. When Kevin came back he said to Geraldine and me “You must come with me.” He then told Denis he was going to take us home, and that he must wait there.

Denis interrupted and said he would do no such thing. The men to whom Kevin had been speaking aside now closed round Denis. Kevin continued—“You came here where you had no business—you must now stay until I can let you go. You had better submit quietly : resistance will be useless. You shall go when we are ready to let you.”

All the men seemed to understand their part, for they drew up in flanks across the openings, only making way for Kevin with Geraldine and me to pass out.

“Why will you not let him come with us?” I asked. But Kevin answered briefly that it was impossible. He led us on to where a boat was drawn up on the sands, into which he put us. He told us to wait there while he went back to give some directions in the cave.

Lawrence Lalor the village blacksmith, and another tenant, had accompanied us, and arranged the boat while Kevin was gone. It was not long before he returned. The boat was launched—the two men taking the oars, and we were soon out again on the murky moonlit sea. The men talked together—Geraldine talked—I answered—Kevin sat in deepest silence.

Suddenly I remembered that Denis had the door key—there would be no one to let us in when we reached home. Kevin only said: “If we are there by two o’clock it will be all right.” He did not explain, but told the men to row fast.

By-and-bye he said, speaking low, while he leant forward to wrap a shawl round me—“You say nothing, I thought you would have shown more sympathy. You must surely be glad now you know it?”

"Glad? yes, I am glad," I answered knowing what he meant—"at least I suppose I am—glad and sorry both perhaps—I cannot take it in yet—I do not know what to think."

And indeed I was feeling half stunned—just at first the discovery that Kevin really belonged to the secret society which the law of the land condemns as criminal beyond forgiveness, startled me not a little. I am not brave like Geraldine. Before the thought of glory, before the honour of helping to make the country free, there would come other thoughts :—of Lord Edward Fitzgerald in prison, awaiting—in all probability—a sentence to death ; and that for nothing so much greater than what Kevin is taking upon himself ; of the breach this knowledge must certainly make in our home ; of how they—father and our stepmother—would first hear it, who would tell them ; of what I should say or do ; these, with a thousand other fears, flocked before me, and left me confused and silent.

Kevin went over and sat by Geraldine at the end of the boat. It seemed as though they had much to say, for from that time to

the moment we landed they did not cease talking. They appeared very earnest but all they said were in undertones.

The men rowed fast—in half an hour's time they brought the boat up under the castle walls.

Kevin told them to wait there. As we were ascending the rock-path he said to me, "It is just two o'clock. Honor will open the side door for you. She opens it for me every morning at this hour."

And as he spoke the castle clock struck two and a light gleamed from the glass pane above the door. Kevin stopped me and said he must go back. He called good-night to Geraldine who was a few steps in front—

"Good-night!" she answered back, and then went on up the steep pathway.

Kevin took me into his arms and gave me a long silent kiss. He still held me as he said questioningly "You will always be true, Eve? Promise me—come what may—you will always be true?"

All my fears and falterings, all doubts and misgivings seemed swept away in that moment and without hesitation I promised.

"Aye, surely I will! I will always be true!"

For at the bottom of my heart I am sure—yes! I am sure that I am sure—that Kevin is in the right, and that his cause—our cause—is the right cause. And I will be true to the end. I will believe in the true cause and be willing to help it—even although it should require real sacrifice. Yet what sacrifice we may be called to make, is the fear that follows me.

Kevin seemed gladdened by my answer; he kissed me once again, then turned, and hastened back to the boat. I found that Geraldine had reached the door and was standing talking to Honor, who for the first instant had been overcome by amazement on finding that it was she, not Kevin, who was waiting to be admitted at that early hour. Our explanations did not seem much to reassure her. She looked exceedingly troubled but said little; and as quietly as we could, we hurried to our rooms.

Long after I had lain down, it seemed to me, I heard faint sounds of voices in Geraldine's room as though she and Honor were

still talking. I fell asleep at last, and did not waken until nearly six o'clock when the whole scene of yesterday night came rushing back to memory and sent all remaining sleep away. So I rose and while the house was yet still began to write these last pages.

I am full of wonder about how things will go to-day. Will Kevin tell mother himself what there is to be told? And has he brought Denis back with him? And what will father say and do when he arrives home this evening?

CHAPTER V.

Evening of the Same Day.—I was the first in the hall this morning, where Shane, after laying the breakfast table, had sounded the gong. Being rather afraid lest Shane should allude to our late moonlight row to which he had been a party, I retired to one of the deep window-recesses to wait for the others to assemble. The first to arrive was mother—serene, unsuspecting. Ida—in high spirits and chatter—sprang in after her, with her usual form of strangling embraces; Geraldine followed, with bright, flushed colour, half gay, half grave, wearing a wonderful air of unconcern, while yet looking fully ready to meet anything and everything.

Breakfast was half over when Lilian Trevor made her appearance, cold, grand, ungenial as ever. Mother was the first to express a wonder what made Kevin and Denis so late. I could do nothing else but

wonder ; and what would happen when they did come I wondered still more. It was useless to try and gather Geraldine's thoughts on the subject, for she was busy making fun with Ida, and seemed to be attending to nothing else.

There was but little observation made upon our boating expedition of last night. Mother only said that when, on shutting up the house, Shane had told her we should not be back until late, he had proceeded warmly to take our part as though apprehensive that she would be displeased. She remarked that I was looking none the better for having kept such late hours, but just at that moment Geraldine became extra merry with Ida, and the subject was dropped.

Directly after breakfast Geraldine said she must go home. Mother tried to keep her until later, saying there could be no need for such haste. I thought she might as well have waited until father's return, and have taken her part in the scene, if there was to be a general explanation. She might, I thought, have done something towards softening what I feared would only

too likely prove a bitter time of discord. But Geraldine would listen to no one, and hurriedly wishing all good-morning, set off by herself to walk home.

Not long after, mother came from her room looking troubled. She could not understand, she said, what was the matter with Honor. Honor had come to her, and without any preface had said she must go away. Mother thought at first she must only mean she must go to Lara; she could not believe it possible that Honor, who has lived with us these thirty years—ever since Roderick, the eldest of us, was born—Honor, whom we have always regarded as a fixture amongst us, quite as strong as the castle walls themselves—Honor, who had promised our dying mother that she would take care of us—it could not be possible that Honor was talking of leaving Castle Knocklara. But that was what Honor did mean. She could only repeat her words; she had no explanation to give, except that she thought it was better she should go away, and then she had burst into tears, and had cried ever since as though her heart would break. Mother

sent me to her, saying that I could understand and comfort her better than she.

I found Honor in the nursery, rocking herself piteously backwards and forwards in the low chair in which she had nursed us one after the other. She had buried her face in her hands, and was still crying and moaning. But although I knelt for long by her side, and begged her to tell me what she could mean, and to say that it was all untrue, and that she could not certainly be dreaming of leaving us—her own children—and assured her we could never bear it, it was of little avail as far as getting her to give any reason for her sudden determination. I felt pretty sure it must somehow have to do with Kevin's cause, and her sympathies in its favour. I tried to make her tell me, but the mention of Kevin's name only excited a fresh flood of tears.

But before I left she seemed to have begun to waver in her decision.

"It would just be the death of me," she sobbed, "and I don't know how I will do it, more I do! I don't know how I would be able for to leave you, me children. And,

Miss Eveleen, if you look at me like that, you will break me heart in two—it's the very look of your own mother, and she dead these thirteen years! And wasn't it meself that promised her surely I'd stay and care for you—every one of you, her children? Ah, well! I am thinking I don't know how I will ever find the heart to be leaving you, now. But, God help us all! they are troublesome days we've come to."

But she let me pull her hands from her face, and tell her she had been talking nonsense, and must forget it all, and I cried a little with her, although I could not quite tell why, and Honor seemed somewhat better, and when I left she was busy at work on one of the tattered pinafores with which Ida keeps her supplied.

When I returned to mother I found Shane with an awe-struck face standing before her. He had just been telling her he had been to Kevin's and Denis' rooms, and had found them empty, and he said neither of them could have slept in the house last night, and that this morning he could find them nowhere.


Then I saw I must keep silence no longer,

so I begged mother to come to my turret-room and when we were alone there, I told all as far as I knew.

We waited all the morning and on through the afternoon, but Kevin did not come, nor Denis.

Mother was rather alarmed about the latter, but I said I was sure he was safe—Kevin would have let no harm come to him.

And Honor set us still more at rest about him by averring—mysteriously but very confidently and with the air of one who knew—that he would be home before evening. In vain I entreated her to tell us more if she knew it—in vain mother asserted her authority and insisted upon it. Honor doggedly refused to utter a word more than she chose, but repeated again and again that Denis would be back among us before evening and that Denis and Kevin were certainly in safety. Mother gave orders that Shane and Terry O'Toole should row up to Ballycarrig and without entering further into the matter simply make inquiries as to when Kevin and Denis were last seen or heard of. But Terry did not seem to relish the idea of in any way



appearing to interfere with the district of Ballycarrig and its doings. So he shirked off by pretending he was "rale sick." It is an old excuse of Terry's when he does not want to do anything. Mother, when she first knew him, used to waste a great deal of sympathy upon him on such occasions, but she has grown more hardened now, and looked very doubtful over the story of his pains to-day.

"I do be achin' in every bone in me body (saving yer presence yer lady). I haven't broken me fast (and shure I wouldn't tell ye a lie)—I haven't broken me fast since ere yesterday. 'Deed and its rale donny I am! I t'ought last night I was goin' to die, so I did, and it's nothing better I am to-day."

And Terry put on a very mournful expression, and tied up his head with a red worsted comforter, and went limping away home where he made matters surer by locking his cabin door and putting himself to bed.

Shane came back from Ballycarrig, having found everything looking perfectly peaceful and as usual, and as Shane rendered it—"not a soul to be seen anywhere, and every

one of them said they knew nothing at all about either of the young gentlemen."

Mother began to watch anxiously for father's return, and sent Ida more than once to look whether she could see any signs of his horse in the distance. Secretly I hoped he would not come soon. I knew mother would at once tell him all. I knew how angry he would be against Kevin. I longed for Kevin to return first and tell his own story. Geraldine, too, I hoped would be sure to come in the course of the evening—it would be so much better I thought, father should hear nothing until then. All this I urged very earnestly with mother so soon as Ida came running in the last time to say she could see father riding near. It was trying to me that she could not, or would not, see it in the same light. She could not think, she said, of not telling father everything at once.

In anger I accused her of being unkind, unfair towards Kevin whom she could never understand, indifferent to whether our father should blame him or not. I buried my face in a sofa cushion, and went into a passion.

She stood by, saying nothing. When I raised my head ready to say some other hard thing I caught sight of such a pained look in her face that it made me start up, throw my arms around her, and unsay every word. The sound of horses' hoofs drew nearer.

"It was horrid of me," I whispered, "I am sorry!"

Father was entering the hall.

"Millicent!" he was calling. "I have come home—Millicent, where are you?"

"Will you not wait—say you promise you will wait to tell him?" I urged once more, holding her back. She kissed me, but said firmly "My child, I dare not!"

And she went to meet my father, and led him into the study, and I heard the door close after them.

I could settle to nothing. I sat down at a window and watched the rain drizzling over the moor and blotting out the low distant hills. A woman with a shawl over her head came to the door. It was Martha M'Grath. I went to her—she brought out a letter from under her shawl and began to talk—I did not listen. The letter was addressed to "Derrick

O'Rossa, Esq., Castle Knocklara,"—the handwriting was Kevin's.

It was mother who opened the study door in answer to my knock. I put the letter into her hand and came away. Father did not call me in : he sat at the table, looking—as one glance was enough to show—quite as stern as my worst fears had anticipated.

A few minutes went by—then mother came out and called me, saying father wished me to come to the study. He laid the note before me—

"There is your brother's letter—read it."

I almost seemed to know the words before reading them. They were few and short—

"DEAR FATHER,


"I have to tell of the step I have taken.

"Three weeks since I solemnly bound myself to serve my country. This day I go to take my place among those who in like manner have resolved to see her righted.

"Your dutiful son,

"KEVIN O'ROSSA."

"I never thought to see the day when a son of mine would live to bring disgrace on



the name of O'Rossa!" That was the only comment father made in my hearing.

Disgrace! Honour! How strange; what opposite names are given to the same act! There seemed to be so much to be said. I wished that Kevin himself were there just then, or Geraldine. I tried to say something, but father silenced me in a voice as stern as his manner.

Denis came home about six o'clock. Of course his temper has reached that degree of rage which makes it hardly bearable to stay in the same house with him. Of course he is quite safe and has been well treated, but to have been kept prisoner a night and a day by "a set of insolent rebels," has upset his pride so greatly that it will be long before he recovers the shock. He is full of accounts of how, on receiving their orders from Kevin, the men set to work as soon as we had left Ballycarrig last night, to dig up the arms buried in the cave. They produced a large store of pikes which they conveyed away by boats fetched for the purpose. It was past three o'clock this morning before they had completed their arrangements and were ready

to start from Ballycarrig. Denis does not know where they took the boat-loads or by which way the rest of the party went—for two remained in the cave to keep him in custody (they had bound him, hands and feet) until they should have time to have gone beyond reach. Every man who was at the meeting last night—about five-and-twenty in all—have followed their leader to join the camp—in what part of the country remains a mystery. It was the only course which suggested itself to them, or rather to Kevin their leader, on finding their meetings and membership were discovered. Kevin—so Denis owns—wished to part with him on friendly terms, but Denis boasts he refused to shake hands with a rebel, or to exchange any word that was not a reproach. So in enmity the brothers parted.

This afternoon his custodians rowed Denis farther away down the coast, landed him in one of the loneliest parts, where, giving him his freedom, they continued their way, and must have gone many miles before he reached home.

Unfortunately for Denis he has little scope

for giving vent to his over-abounding indignation, for this evening father called us all together, and laid his command upon us that Kevin's name should cease to be mentioned in his presence. Even Geraldine, who was here at the time, did not dare to say a word on Kevin's behalf in his hearing, though she said very many when out of it.

Geraldine has been very tender and loving to me this evening: her words have cheered me more than anything else. They are no light words spoken carelessly: they seem wrung from her heart, as though they were the outcome of a comfort with which she had first been endeavouring to brace herself. Geraldine has always understood Kevin. I know that with me she is sharing the same glad pride and the same pain—I feel that with me she feels the same unavoidable thought of the danger he has gone to meet, that she too finds all a blank without him, that—even if it were possible—to recall him, she would not breathe a word; that with mine, her prayers and good wishes go after him; that with her, as with me, not the least hard part to bear now, is the way in which

others—in both our homes—misunderstand and condemn him.

How could he possibly have done less? Geraldine asks. When there is a great work to be helped forward, people, if they are in earnest, cannot be content idly to wish it well from a distance—they must stand up and join, and put their lives at its service.

And with characteristic buoyancy Geraldine is prophesying already of the time when Kevin will come back among us again, honoured and acknowledged by all as a true deliverer of our country.

CHAPTER VI.

May 24th.—I cannot help feeling it a real relief that this is the day on which Denis had to leave to return to his college duties. I dare not think into what profitless encounters with the people he, in his present, inflamed state of mind, might not have chosen to bring himself. Nothing but harm could have been the result. If the people are ever to be gained to different feelings it will not be—it never can be—by angry, insolent abuse heaped upon their politics and religion.

As far as it is in my power, I will not for one moment listen to the endless torrent of hot words which he pours forth on every available occasion about our duty of disavowing a brother who has turned a rebel, a sneak, a secret plotter, an ally of Papists, a traitor and a traitor, a traitor of sedition.

At least his favourite vaunt that every wrong from which the country suffers is solely wholly the fault of Papists and popery—or at this time put to silence.

* * * * *

Dear, tiresome, old Denis ! Now he is gone, my heart smites me for having wished him away, and for our many disagreements. However, I relieved my feelings by giving him a hearty parting shake, and assuring him I loved him as much as I hated him, and he returned my sisterly proof by such a huge, super-affectionate hug, that left me no breath to add more.

But all the afternoon I have been feeling doubly desolate. I have been in Kevin's room, putting his things in order.

It is a strange and unaccountable thing—except that we suspect strongly Honor knows more than she chooses to admit—that all those things which Kevin must most need, are missing from his room. There can be little doubt that Honor must have collected, and in some way conveyed them to him early yesterday morning. But she will tell nothing.

Honor has said no more about leaving us, and father is willing to let the subject drop.

I think for the sake of old associations he cannot bring himself to send her away. And we have not a doubt of her faithful attachment to us, nor a fear that she would not do

all in her power to guard us from evil. Indeed father is of the opinion that our household will be the safer for her presence and timely warnings.

Father is grievously annoyed that so many of the people should have left with Kevin. What causes him and mother too, the greatest distress of all is the thought that it is Kevin's doing. It is he who has been the chief agent in educating and exciting their minds.

Altogether a heavy gloom has settled over our house; henceforth—and perhaps this is one of the saddest parts—henceforth we are openly “a house divided against itself;” we cannot comfort one another.

At night.—I was tired and weary when I wrote the above entry—the afternoon seemed so long and lonely. The house was oppressively still. Lilian Trevor had fallen asleep—her usual resort for the chronic *ennui*, from which she suffers. Little Ida, our brightest spirit, was at play on the sea shore. Kevin had gone, Denis had gone. Father had shut himself into his study.

I went down to the drawing-room, half

wishing in a predetermined quarrelsome mood, for a talk with mother, half anxious to avoid it.

Mr. Roche was sitting with her. I felt sure he had come on a sort of visit of condolence.

"I have been speaking with Mrs. O'Rossa on the sad calamity which has befallen you all," he said to me when I had made my curtsy. "Dear child, I know your heart must grieve for the shame your brother has brought upon his family. You have my profoundest sympathy."

He paused, looking as solemn as the occasion.

I said respectfully, trying to feel grateful, "I thank you, Mr. Roche." And then I felt a dreadful hypocrite to receive sympathy for so different a cause from that for which I needed it.

"Alas!" continued good, old, Mr. Roche, "with what true distress one marks the downfall of a dear relative who errs from the path of duty! Doubtless, you will exert a sister's influence to point out to your brother the grievous wickedness of his conduct, and


induce him to return from such a course of folly, and to endeavour—as far as that may be possible—to undo the work which must ever disgrace his name.”

It was impossible that I could keep silence—less still that I could give the answer expected of me. I saw that mother looked towards me with apprehension, and knew that in an instant she would be ready with some gracefully turned answer of her own.

I felt sore to hear Kevin spoken of in that way, and it was with quite as much pride as honesty that I hastened to reply—

“If you please, Mr. Roche, my father has forbidden that there should be any correspondence whatever with my brother. And I think Kevin good and not wicked, I think he is doing good and not harm, and I feel no shame for him—I am proud—very, very proud of my brother. He has never done anything to disgrace his name, and I know he never will.”

I did not mean to be disrespectful nor unbecomingly to assert an opinion. Mr. Roche looked petrified. Mother looked her reproofs and began to make my excuses for me.



Then Mr. Roche entered upon a lengthy discourse in which he set out by making individual remarks with regard to Kevin's sins, but was soon in the midst of an elaborate explanation of the meaning and nature of a conspiracy to which, as it—to me—appeared all very wide of the original subject, I could with safety give an humble assent so often as it seemed to be required. It was somewhat encouraging to me to note that by-and-bye mother involuntarily began to show signs of becoming a little tired herself.

At last Lilian entered the room and the conversation became general, and after a minute or two mother observed I had been staying indoors all day, and told me I ought to go out.

I wandered listlessly away by myself over the moorlands where I came across Martha McGrath driving home a flock of geese. She stopped and seemed disposed to be talkative.

"What way are ye'es all down at the big house, Miss Avelane?" she inquired.

I assured her we were all well.

"Shure it's not frettin' yer are Miss Avelane? They say his honour do be rale vexed,

more's the pity! Shure Mr. Kivin is afther actin' like the noble gentleman he is! I tell yer Miss Avelane he has got the hearts of every person in the counthry side wid him. I declare I t'ought I was dhramin' yesterday mornin' when Pather come in, and me in bed and asleep, and says he 'Mart'a I'm off!' 'And f'where's this yer are goin' now?' says I. 'Yer've been out all the night, and don't yer mane to be gettin' a snatch of rest at all? f'where's this ye're off now?' 'To the war,' says he. 'Yer na—ver mane that now?' says I, tinkin' he must be clane daft. 'It's that that I mane and no less,' says he. 'If we stay in this place another night we're ruined men. It's Misther Kivin O'Rossa's orders that we start at wanst, and start we will,' says he. So me and me mother got up, and I went a piece of the road wid Pather. 'I tink bad of leaving yer, Mart'a,' says he 'and us not married a mont'! but the times are hard,' says he, 'and it's Misther Kivin's orders, and the ould counthry nades our service.'

"And he tould me how it had come about, and how Misther Kivin was on his way al-

ready, and that he was bringing an iligant uniform wid him for to wear when he got to the war. It was a coat of grane, Pather said, and there was a power of buttons covering it up and down and *avery* button had a picter of a harp, below a cup of liberty—wouldn't it be very handsome now? I'd have loved to have seen Misther Kivin marchin' off to the war in such an iligant costume, but he hadn't a ha'porth about him different to most days. We come up wid him at the bridge by the big bog beyant, and he writin' wid a pencil on a bit o' paper on the top o' the railin'. He said to Pather they were full late, and they hadn't a moment to wait, so I bid good-bye to the two o' them and wished them good luck and Misther Kivin give me the letther he was afther writin'. 'Take that to Mr. O'Rossa,' said he, but he bid me not go up to the Castle till the evening, 'and keep a good heart,' says he; 'we'll get the ould counthry righted against we come back,' says he; and he give me a half-crown, so he did—isn't he the beautifullest gintleman intirely? And I wouldn't wondher you'd be frettin' Miss Avelane—sorrow, it's lonesome enough *I am*

findin' it, and it's afther crying me apronful of tears I am, for I can't tell f'what way I'll batther on widout himself. Me mother says, 'F'what matther? haven't ye batthered on widout a husbind the howl life o' ye, barrin' the last mont' of it, and f'what ails ye that yer wouldn't be able for the same an odd mont' or so more?' 'True for yer!' says I—but oh Miss Avelane, asthore, d'ye tink will we *a-ver* see Pather and Misther Kivin again afore they're killed in the war?"

Martha and the geese went on their way, leaving me a little gladder and a little sadder.

The feeling this young wife and I were, in some measure, sharing in common, drew my heart to hers, nearer than she could have guessed, but the thought of my father and of how we are now circumstanced, drove back more than half the words which rose to my lips, and I let her go, leaving them unsaid.

After that I climbed a gate and made a seat of the topmost bar, and sitting thus I fell into a reverie.

It was one of the gates Kevin had opened for us only the afternoon before yesterday.

Looking back, it seemed as though we

must then have been so happy and free-hearted in our unconsciousness, and how heavy-hearted and miserable we all were to-day !

And in my misery I blamed everybody, beginning with the King of England and ending with myself. I suppose I excepted Kevin, for this opposition about him had roused in me a perverse determination to take his part against any one or every one.

All alone on the wide wild moorlands, nursing fierce thoughts on the top of a gate ! My face was turned westward where the sun was letting itself down lower and lower towards the sea border.

It was a very short warning which brought the belief in my utter loneliness to an abrupt end. There was a sudden sound of closely approaching footsteps. A strangely familiar voice called my name. Turning, to my unbounded surprise, I found *Roderick* coming towards me—Roderick and a stranger. Before I had recovered my senses Roderick had lifted me down from the gate, and with much laughter on his part, and many exclamations of amazement on mine, we had a joyous meeting. “ Why how is it you did not

get my letter?" he asked. "I wrote a week ago to say I was coming home on leave and that my friend Captain Dudley would come with me. I suppose I need hardly tell you, Dudley, this is my sister."

They explained they had left their post chaise and had struck off by short cuts across the fields on foot. "Of course I was sure you had come out on purpose to meet us," Roderick said, "it is a pity you spoilt the illusion. I thought," he continued, as we walked on, "I thought that in these uncertain warlike times I should like to come home and see you all once more, before having to join the fighting. Well, how are you all at home?"

"Oh, we are all quite well"—and there I stopped short, remembering that Roderick could know nothing of what had happened yesterday.

"You say that with a very long face—what is the matter?"

It seemed a little difficult, just at first, to tell Roderick in the presence of a stranger, but the next moment I had reminded myself that there was nothing of which to be

ashamed, and ignoring his last question, said—

“ Kevin is not at home.”

“ Why, where has he gone?” asked Roderick with some surprise.

“ He has gone to help the country,” answered I, not quite knowing how else to turn the phrase.

“ And how does he propose doing that ?” inquired Roderick.

“ To fight for it, if need be.”

Roderick's surprise increased tenfold ; his friend too, seemed to listen with interest.

“ You never mean to say Kevin is going to enlist ? Is he volunteering into the Yeomanry, or how ?”

“ I said he was going to fight *for* the country—not against it.”

“ Well, is not that what Captain Dudley and I are going to do, if necessary ? What is the difference ?”

“ You don't understand,” I said impatiently, “ Kevin is taking the part of the people—the people who wish for freedom—it is them he has gone to help.”

Roderick stopped still, and looked as *though* a thunderbolt had fallen.

"Kevin gone to join the rebels?" he exclaimed aghast. They both waited breathlessly for my next words.

"No—yes—if you call them rebels."

Never in all my life have I seen Roderick look as he looked at that moment. Roderick—usually so easy-going, so light-hearted—stood shocked, dismayed, dumbfounded.

"It is true," I added softly; and then, angry at the ring of regret in my own voice, broke the silence which followed with an impetuous cry, "*And why not?*"

Of course I had never expected that Roderick would be able to see from Kevin's point of view. But I scarcely knew whether at that moment to be most sorry for, or most angry with him. I could have wished he would not have shown before a stranger, what were so transparently his sensations on learning the news. Another against Kevin and Kevin's creed! One more to call honour "shame," and glory "disgrace."

Evidently Roderick was not careful what he said before his friend, nor how much he left him out of the conversation, for all the rest of the way he talked to me about Kevin, asking and making me tell him everything.

"We were talking," he said, "only a few minutes before we met you, of the dark prospect there seems to be before the country before we can look for happier days."

"Happier days!" I echoed scornfully, "I was thinking just as you came up, that if only the King of England, and England, and all the English—*every one* (excepting only our stepmother), could be swept clean from off the face of the earth, one might begin to believe in happier days for Ireland."

Captain Dudley began to laugh, though I failed to see any cause for diversion, and Roderick, in spite of himself, laughed too.

"Take care what you say!" he said, "my captain is an Englishman, born and bred!"

Still I was a good deal less startled to think of what I had been saying than to learn that an Englishman—whose very name I hate—had come into our midst.

"He is an Englishman," repeated Roderick as though I were deaf.

"Well, I cannot help it," I answered ruefully, "and I cannot unsay what I have said."

"I should not believe you if you did," laughed Captain Dudley, "unless in-

deed I dared to hope that for—well, for politeness' sake, for Roderick's sake, you might be induced to put one other saving clause to your sweeping conclusion."

But I was rather doubtful on that point, and Roderick expressed my feelings pretty accurately when he said—

"Don't flatter yourself, my dear fellow—Eveleen is too prudent a character to commit herself to so merciful an act on the strength of a few minutes' acquaintanceship—take my advice, and wait until to-morrow or the next day, before you press the point. However, meanwhile, with your usual forbearance, excuse my sister—she is a little, wild, Irish girl you know, who has grown up accustomed to say all sorts of bad things she does not mean."

However much I might have agreed with the first part of Roderick's speech, I was not at all grateful for his concluding apology on my behalf.

It irritated me into muttering,

"I do mean what I say, whether it is for bad or good."

And by that time I could see very clearly

that Roderick's friend was laughing *at me*. I felt cross, and would not speak to him again for the rest of the way.

It is delightful to have Roderick at home just now. It is tiresome—rather—that he has brought that Captain Dudley with him.

We cannot, before a stranger, talk with freedom of what our hearts are full.

Besides, he is an Englishman. Which means, of course, that to him our country is a foreign country, and our people foreign people.

And of all misconceptions, of all incapacity for amalgamation that ever existed between two races, the greatest, Kevin has always said, the most insurmountable and the least compromising are those which have ever been, between the Irish and the English.

CHAPTER VII.

May 25th.—Roderick congratulates me for being in a better humour to-day. I have forgiven Mr. Roche for his well-meant imputations. I have forgiven Denis—more and more freely the further away I know him to be safely journeying—I have forgiven all his systematic abuse of the things and people I hold in honour. I have forgiven Roderick on the score that he belongs to the British army—for his share of prejudice against Kevin's actions; and lastly I have forgiven him for having brought his English friend to our house.

After all, I find that his presence serves very conveniently to stave off, when father is absent, a great deal of talk that would necessarily be very painful, and, when father is among us, to smooth over that dreadful constraint caused by enforced silence on a forbidden subject. Every one of us is more at ease—we are furnished with new subjects for conversation, which do not entrench on forbidden ground.

By the way I should never have known how animated Lilian Trevor could be, if I had not seen her in company with Captain Dudley. He talks more to her than to any one else. As a rare occurrence, she condescended to-day to join our boating party. When we had landed on some sands, and were sitting about in groups in the shade of the rocks, Geraldine, who was with us, observed—looking towards Lilian and Captain Dudley, who had taken up their position somewhat apart from the rest of us—that she had a better idea to-day of what the sound of Lilian's voice is like than in all the days which have passed since she came among us.

“How do you like him?” she went on.

“He is not altogether bad for an Englishman,” I admitted.

“Don't be ridiculous, Eveleen,” said Roderick, rebukingly. “You just say that from narrow-minded affectation. All our regiment say there is no better man in the world than Dudley. I am proud to say he is the greatest friend I have.”

“Bravo!” cried Geraldine, half-mockingly,

clapping her hands with such fervent applause over his enthusiasm that she attracted the attention of the object of the conversation himself, who wanted to know what was the matter.

Roderick seemed to think it was his turn to have a share of Lilian's sweet smiles, so took possession of her on the way back to our boat.

"Do you know I am seriously offended with you?" Captain Dudley said to me as we followed.

I always fancy he is laughing at me—he was laughing at me then in that quiet, tiresome way he has.

"I cannot forget the uncomplimentary way in which you spoke of my country and my people yesterday. Don't you think you ought to apologise?"

"Apologise! No, I do not."

"But you have hurt my feelings; especially when you would not even make an exception when Roderick told you I was an Englishman. I hope you have changed your mind, and mean to put me into that saving clause."

I did not answer at once, and he continued—

“Is it too soon to ask yet?”

“Much too soon!”

“Very well; then I shall ask you every day until I get an answer.”

May 26th.—“Have you forgiven me yet for being an Englishman?” Captain Dudley asked this morning on the terrace.

“Oh, you cannot help it!” I said, pityingly.

“Do you think I would if I could?”

“I don’t know—no, I do not suppose you would. You English, I believe, think yourselves perfect; but the Irish you take for savages and slaves.”

“Where did you get your ideas of England and the English?”

“From the manner in which England has always treated Ireland, chiefly,” I said.

The answer was unexpected.

“Ah, England has much for which to blame herself there.”

“You own it, then?” I asked eagerly.

“One has nothing to do but to study

history to know it to be only too true—too bitterly true—to our grief and shame !”

I looked to see whether he was still laughing under the quiet gravity of his tones. No, he was quite in earnest. I was surprised. An Englishman owning his country’s failings towards Ireland ! An Englishman allowing Irish grievances to be real !

“ History gives only too many examples of English misrule in this country—only too many examples of a mismanaged government of the Irish people. But I do not know whether the Irish are not too ready to call up old grievances which are past, and overlook much of the good they have since received, and are receiving, from England.”

“ But they do not want to receive good from England—they want nothing from England. They wish to be a free people.”

“ Now you are doing your own countrymen an injustice,” he said, “ it is only a certain portion of them who take that view. What a pity it is they do not see the harm they are doing their country ! How can

there ever be peace for Ireland so long as she does not recognize in England her best, truest friend ? ”

He said more, and I listened with the greater forbearance because of the concessions with which he had begun. First, as far as possible, to agree with an opposing cause, to admit and to appreciate its evils or its sorrows—in this lies such wonderful power for gaining, at least, a willing hearing.

Before the discussion was ended, Roderick came out on the terrace to join us. Captain Dudley resumed his former light banter—

“After all this vindication and explanation, I think you ought to satisfy me with that verdict I am awaiting ? ”

But the only answer for that was that there was no answer ready as yet.

This evening came a special messenger from Castlebar, bringing a summons to Roderick and Captain Dudley to return at once to join their regiment.

The people have risen. They rose in arms on the evening of the 23rd.

There has nothing reached us as yet but just that bare information, but it means—

oh, how terribly much it means! Whether it be short and easy—and I think that not even the most sanguine can dare expect that—or whether it be long and costly, the struggle has begun.

And with a brother fighting on one side, and a brother fighting on the other side—like Honor, my heart is wrung in two.

I think that the last few days I have tried not to face the fact of the fighting part at all. But now it has begun in earnest, and is dreadful to realise.

Roderick, who had brought so much brightness into our shadowed home—Roderick, who had done so much to cheer us, has been called suddenly away.

And it is only now I remember the endless things about which I wanted to talk with him. His leave could not have lasted more than a few days, but a few days at such a time would have been doubly precious.

The minute they received their orders Roderick hastily put down Ida, with whom he had been playing; Captain Dudley dropped the book of poetry Lilian had asked him to read to her, and in less than half an

hour their preparations were made, and we had all gathered at the hall door to wish them a hurried farewell. I had been helping Roderick to gather his things together—there was no time for talking. When we had finished fastening his valise, the cry would come quivering from my lips—

“ When shall we see you again, Roderick?”

“ Why, in those happier days of which we were speaking,” he answered, cheerily ; “ at least, so we will hope—why not ? Foolish little girl, you are not thinking of crying ? For shame ! A soldier’s sister should be braver.”

But he managed to spare a minute in which to make me feel more than ever how hard it was to let him go.

Then we had to join the rest.

Ida was skipping about in excitement.

“ What nice battle stories you will have to tell us when you come home next time, Roderick ! What fun it will be ! Are you coming back again next time, Captain Dudley ? And will you bring stories, too—nice, dreadful stories about soldiers killing each other ? I hope you will not be killed—do you think you will ? ”

Mother tried to silence her.

"Hush! it is naughty to talk like that."

"Why, mother? Why is it naughty? Good-bye, Roderick—don't you think I'm good? Say yes! You are not cross like Kevin. Kevin was always saying I was naughty. I am glad Kevin has gone away, but I am sorry you are going: and I am sorry *you* are going, Captain Dudley."

Everybody made a point of laughing at the child's chatter, which was bad for her, but rather a help to the rest of us.

Our father laid his hand on Roderick's shoulder, and, in a low tone, with marked emphasis, I heard him say—

"May the blessing of God go with my *good* son."

I think if he had been her own son there could not have shone a tenderer light in the eyes of our stepmother as Roderick—the favourite of her stepchildren—bade her an affectionate farewell. Mother will never allow that she has favourites, but I always tell her she loves Roderick better than any of us.

Captain Dudley spent most of his time in taking leave of Lilian, who—I fear Roderick

would say it sounded spiteful, but I do not mean it as such—looked forlorn enough to satisfy any man. If she was not asking him to compassionate her—left behind in this dreary corner of the country—at all events what I happened to overhear was at least something very like it.

They rode away to join the mail at Castlebar.

CHAPTER VIII.

May 27th.—The stoppage of the mail coaches on the evening of the 23rd was the signal for a general rising. The Belfast mail was burned, the guard and coachman of the Limerick mail murdered, the Athlone and Cork coaches destroyed.

In Dublin it was pre-arranged with the lamplighters that there should be darkness throughout the city. The seizure of the castle and the liberation of the State prisoners in Newgate gaol was planned, but failed.

In a voice of forced calm, terrible to hear, father read aloud the newspaper copy of General Lake's proclamation of the 24th:—

“Lieutenant-General Lake, commanding his Majesty's forces in this kingdom, having received from his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant full powers to put down the rebellion, and to punish rebels in the most summary manner, according to martial law, does hereby give notice to all his Majesty's subjects that he is determined to exert the

powers entrusted to him in the most vigorous manner for the immediate suppression of the same; and that all persons acting in the present rebellion, or in any wise aiding or assisting therein, will be treated by him as rebels and punished accordingly."

Geraldine is a great help to me. But sometimes I wonder whether she is not most in need of the help herself. I do not understand her of late. Sometimes she seems in the wildest spirits, carrying one away with her gaiety—then all of a sudden every spark of gaiety will be quenched, and she will grow silent and depressed.

Lilian yawns over her poetry books and tapestry work, talks seldom, except to make sharp, scornful remarks about the Irish people, never laughs, and refuses more than ever to find interest in anything.

I am often alone. My thoughts turn much to Kevin and Roderick.

Sometimes I think of what Captain Dudley said about England and Ireland. I am sorry I never told him that he might, if he liked,

consider himself included in that "saving clause" about which he was always talking. For I made up my mind at last, and had meant to have told him, but then he went away so suddenly, and it is too late now. I am a little sorry; but I suppose he has forgotten all about it by this time.

Geraldine was talking a long while with Honor in the nursery this morning before I knew she was in the house. As she came down the stairs with me she asked whether father were in his study. I told her he had gone out. I thought she looked anxious, but Ida came running up to us in the hall and begged for a game of ball, and Geraldine was soon herself again, entering into the spirit of the game with quite as much zest as Ida herself.

"Catch it, Ida! Run, run fast—there it goes!"

But Ida missed the ball that turn. She was down on her hands and knees darting after something which was rolling along the oak floor.

"Oh, look, what I have found!—isn't it pretty? Where could it have come from?"

She brought it to show me. It was a quaint, antique ring of massive gold. On the inner circle was a Spanish inscription—" *Hasta luego.*"

Geraldine came forward hastily, and held out her hand for it—

"It is mine," she explained.

"But you never wear it—it was not on your hand," objected Ida.

"So it is yours!" I said wonderingly, slowly giving back the ring, and looking at Geraldine.

She clasped it in her hand, but did not put it on her finger.

Ida was clamouring to be allowed to look at it again—

"What do those funny words mean?" she was asking.

Geraldine, who a moment ago had been all merriment and laughter, suddenly burst into tears. It is a rare thing to see Geraldine in tears. Even when she was a very little girl I can recollect how she used to make it her boast that she never cried, until Roderick, in a thoughtless, teasing humour made the resolve that he would

make her cry, and mischievously tried one method after another until he had succeeded. I remember how angry Kevin was, and how he was going to fight Roderick for it, only that Roderick no sooner than he had gained his triumph was more truly sorry than any one.

It was no wonder that Ida was puzzled.

"But why do you cry? Your ring is not broken."

In a minute Geraldine had dashed away her tears, and had resumed the game of ball with as much spirit as before. Afterwards she and I went to my turret sitting-room.

"Of course you know the ring?" she said, unclasping it again from a bracelet she wore on her arm out of sight.

I knew it well. It was a christening present to Kevin from his godfather. It is said to have been in the family since the days when the Spanish troops came to Ireland to assist the Earl of Desmond against Queen Elizabeth. Kevin never wore it, but I had often seen it, and wondered what had been its story—whether it had been brought as a pledge from Spain by some Spanish cavalier,

whether it had been given to an O'Rossa as a keepsake, and what, either way, the *by-and-bye* time—now so long gone past and forgotten—had brought to those who had waited.

“Kevin gave me this the morning he went away,” Geraldine said, turning the ring round and round in her hand as she spoke.

“Did you, then, see him again after he brought us back in the boat from Ballycarrig?” I asked, with surprise.

“Yes—three hours later. He asked me to meet him with Honor in the early morning on the rocks; it was to bring a few things he said he wanted. He said he was afraid of asking it of you, lest you should be afraid to do so, or lest you should get into trouble for his sake. I went with Honor in the early morning. We were with Kevin for a few moments. When we parted he took this ring from one of the packets which Honor had brought. He asked if I would wear it until that happier time we both hoped was coming—‘*until by-and-bye*.’ We would not say good-bye—we said only, ‘*Hasta luego*.’”

“Are you sure you said nothing more?”
I asked, just a shade sceptical.

“Not a word more or less. Eveleen, I have told you all there is to be told. I thought it right to tell my uncle this morning that I had helped Kevin to go—I hate anything that is not open. I am not sorry, and I cannot pretend it; but I need not tell you how displeased my uncle is, nor what he says about Kevin. You can guess it all. I have come here to-day to tell Mr. O’Rossa that part, too—just that I did what I could, though that was little enough, to help Kevin. I cannot bear to be amongst you all unless he knows. I have a fancy he will be very, very angry, and, perhaps, he will not let me come to his house any more; and—but I cannot help it—whatever he may say, I feel I must tell him my part in the matter. There he is, now coming home.”

Geraldine hastened to meet him, pale, but resolute. Not many minutes later she came out from the study, paler and very sorrowful.

“It is quite as bad as my worst fears,” she said. “He says I am no fit companion for you, Eveleen; he says I am leading you

astray. You and I must keep apart—he forbids our being together. I dare not say anything more to him. What will become of us without one another ?”

We clung to each other in our sore dismay. It was so, a little later, that mother found us.

And then Geraldine let me tell her our trouble; and she went and spoke to my father for us, and he listened to her, and relented, and withdrew the prohibition.

When by-and-bye Mr. Roche came, wishing to tell him that his disapprobation of Geraldine's act was as great as his own, father said that the matter was ended, and he would rather that it was not mentioned again.

June 4th.—There is a secret hope to which I cling; I dare not tell it except to Geraldine and to my journal.

It is this. Surely, surely there will come a day which will bring me a letter from Kevin? I think he will find time, sooner or later, even in the midst of war, to write me a few words. He must guess so well why it—

is I may not write to him, even if I knew where he was. He must know so well how we long—Geraldine and I—for just some few words, however brief. Perchance, who knows? he may send a message to father which father will receive forgivingly.

Geraldine and I have grown to talk less and less of Kevin; but we each know that beneath the silence our thoughts are closely united, and there is a depth of comfort in that. I know—though we have never said it to one another in so many words—that as each day comes we are looking and hoping for what it may bring.

Heart-saddening accounts of “both sides” already reach us through the newspapers. Two among the many dreadful events which are happening every day have especially dwelt in my mind since I heard them.

On Sunday, the 20th, a detachment of the North Cork Militia arrived at Prosperous. The captain attended chapel with Doctor Esmond, a man whose influence in the place was great. The captain addressed the people there assembled, and entreated them to deliver up all concealed arms, and

promised protection to those who would return to allegiance.

But the people would not heed.

Three days latter it was intimated that through fear the peasantry had not dared bring in their arms, but that if they might enter the town, unchallenged, after dark they would then deliver them up.

Captain Swayne is much blamed for want of precaution—Esmond was a base traitor. He wore the royal uniform, he was Captain Swayne's guest at dinner on the 23rd, while contemplating conspiracy. Early the next morning two sentinels were surprised and killed—the captain murdered in his room, and the barracks set on fire. Some of the soldiers leaped from the windows, but only to be each time received on the pikes below, amid renewed yells from their assailants.

Heathenlike, fiendlike, though acts like these are, yet is there nothing to be said against those who by cruel severity deepen the hatred of the people and drive them to revenge ?

Dunlavin was garrisoned by the Wicklow light company and a calvary troop of yeo-

manry. "The rebels were advancing in force, and the royalists marched boldly out to meet them. Numbers prevailed—and after losing a few men, the little garrison fell back and re-occupied the town. A double danger was impending. Without, the rebels in twenty-fold were threatening an instant attack ; within, the disaffected prisoners in custody in gross amount exceeded the garrison."*

The officers consulted together—to most of the prisoners they gave their freedom, but eight and twenty disarmed yeomen who "were in prison for being notorious traitors" they decided must be immediately shot. Eight and twenty men were led out and put to death.

Mother, reading the account in the papers, clasps her hands and murmurs deprecatingly something about "extreme aggression requiring extreme treatment." But Geraldine and I feel for those to whom that arbitrary sentence to death of eight and twenty powerless beings does but help to build up higher the barrier between the two parties.

* Extract from Maxwell's "Irish Rebellion."

June 6th.—This is one of the days when the carrier from Castlebar comes to Lara and brings the mail.

I had been on the watch all the morning, yet the post bag did not arrive until I was busy with Ida's lessons. However little expectant one may be, yet it is always something of a disappointment to find that one is really in the right, and that the letter hoped for has not come.

This morning a letter lay on the hall table. With trembling eagerness I hastened to read the direction. It was only a rough uneducated handwriting which sloped crookedly across the paper—It was for "The honourable lady O'Rossa, Castle Knocklara, Lara, County of Mayo."

A few minutes later mother left it with me to read—it was from Pat Connor—

"My dear mistress i hope this finds yer ladyship in goode healt and they master and Miss evelin and all they family at the castle i hope yer don't tink bad that i wernt at the marl pit field agen yer come for the radin but I couldn't be there because I am hear i will ever be tankful for the larnin yer give

me i would like his honour to know that i thought rale bad of laving them shepe and lams so suddent like and the hedging and ditching job not commenced but Mister Kevin said for to come. and i come.

"i would be wondering won't the war be over sune but mister kevin says its not rightly begun yet with fond love i am your humble servant

"PATRICK CONNOR."

I laughed a little over Pat and his simplicity, but it was laughter which began and ended with a sigh. Not a word of news—Kevin's name mentioned twice, but nothing new—not even the date, or any place!

And then I went—I know not why—into the drawingroom, and there all in a minute I saw my letter before me—my long-looked-for, long-awaited, much-desired letter, there it was in the handwriting I had craved to see once again—sealed and franked.

But—it was in my father's hand. His chair was drawn up to the great hearth—the day has been cold and a fire is still needed—there was the same stern look in his face—he was frowning upon the unopened letter he

held at arm's length. Mother was stooping over him—her hand was laid on his arm. I heard her say “ Will you not think once more. Oh Derrick ! why not let her read it ? ”

But the look of sternness did not relax—the turf flame sprang up greedily—the hand with the prize on which I set so unspeakable a value was thrust out—

“ Oh give me my letter ! ” I entreated ; “ Oh father spare it—let me read it once ! let me have my letter ! ”

Father took my eager out-stretched hand in one of his which was free—he held it with kindly pitying touch ; “ *I have spoken once,* ” he said—his voice was firm, his purpose unfaltering.

Geraldine entered the room only in time to see the flash of a forked flame flare up a moment, curl cruelly round some frail scorched paper, burn it into blackened ashes and die down again.

June 8th.—The cause of liberty has lost its leader. Lord Edward Fitzgerald is dead !

He on whom the country hung her hopes—he to whom the people looked to deliver them—he who would have saved Ireland if

he could—he is dead—cut off at the beginning of the struggle—he has died for Ireland's sake, but not on the field of victory, only as a condemned prisoner within prison walls.

Geraldine and I think it hard and cruel of those in authority to have refused permission to his brother and sister to see him until the last.

This afternoon I walked with father in the direction of Ballycarrig; we spoke little—we passed Lawrence Lalor working at his forge. The furnace was burning fiercely: the red-hot sparks were flying everywhere: the fire seemed to have taken hold of the strong swarthy smith himself; each stroke of his hammer rang down swiftly and strongly with a sort of bold defiance, and as he worked he sang.

How sadly mocking the words sounded—

Where shall we pitch our camp,
Says the Shan van Voght,
On the Curragh of Kildare,
Lord Edward will be there—
Are your pikes in good repair?
Says the Shan van Voght.

He looked up as father approached, but did not return the recognition; there was a strange glow in his eyes.

The song rose recklessly—

Lord Edward will be there,
Are your pikes in good repair?
Says the Shan van Voght.

“Lord Edward Fitzgerald is dead,” said my father abruptly.

The hammer stayed suspended midway in its great sweep; the man glared fiercely.

“*Dead?*” he thundered, “*dead?* Is that truth?”

Father handed him his newspaper, where a paragraph printed in large, clear letters, announced the event.

Down swooped the hammer, while a bitter curse rose above its reverberation.

“One more wrong to revenge! One more reckoned among the dead! What matter? —there will be others going the same way before long I am thinking! There are things that can never be forgotten. The day is not far off when the poor will make the rich remember.”

Lawrence went on talking to himself in threatening mutters, which would have been audible enough, had we not turned silently a way.

CHAPTER IX.

August 1st.—Week after week has gone by, and I have written nothing. How could I write when all has been so dark and sad?

I should never make a historian. I am ashamed to think how I could ever have started a diary with such an idea. Each mail that reaches us, brings tidings of fresh horrors—of victory sometimes on the side of the people—other times on the side of the royalists—often of wicked, heartless cruelty on both sides—of battles and bloodshed and sickening details: the blackest tales of all have come from the county of Wexford. I dare not trust myself to speak of the awful massacre at Scullabogue, where the barn in which over two hundred prisoners had been confined, was ordered to be set on fire, and where by flame, and pike, and firearms, so many were put to death.


But it has haunted me day and night, and often still there comes back to me the image of the little child, who hurt and bruised, had

struggled under the door, but who was not suffered to escape, but caught on the end of a pike and flung back into the flames.

Again and again I have tried to withdraw my thoughts from the fearful scenes which have been happening each day, which, to us in these far off parts, have passed so quietly; again and again my thoughts have turned back to the camp at Vinegar Hill, to the battles of Ross, of Gorey, and of Arklow, and I have seized the papers tremblingly to scan the lists of the "killed and wounded." For over, and under, and above, and beneath all else comes the remembrance that there is a life which is precious to me on either side to be lost or saved.

Roderick writes when he can, but that is very rarely—his letters seem to me to be more an effort to write as brightly as possible than from any real cause for brightness—and even when he alludes hopefully to the defeat of "the rebels" (as he always names them) at Vinegar Hill, one can read between the lines the sadness which must underlie each victory as well as each defeat.

In his last letter he told us of a little



drummer lad, who had fallen into the hands of the rebels. They brought him with other prisoners into Gorey, and there ordered him to beat his drum. The little lad with "enthusiastic loyalty" answered that "the King's drum should never be beaten for rebels," and so saying, he sprang on the head and broke the parchment. Unmoved by such heroism, the rebels "instantly perforated his body with pikes."

Roderick has not once mentioned his friend's name. Father looks eagerly for Roderick's letters—he says he writes well. But somehow I always feel dissatisfied—I am always longing for more—always feeling that letters—men's letters at any rate—are poor, empty things after all. Still if it were only blank paper directed in Roderick's handwriting, we should feel most thankful—it would tell us what we most want to know.

Not one word from the other hand since the first and the last, and the only words were scorched to blackness in the ash embers.

Nothing but dead, blank silence.

One day, not long since, I came across two

girls sitting side by side among the heath, under a mound of granite.

One was sunburnt and poorly clad, with blue eyes clouded and troubled, which looked out far away straight in front while she slowly repeated some words, pausing from time to time to watch the other write them down.

It was an earnest face, with firm-set brow which bent over pen and paper, and a steady hand which wrote. They let me look over them and read. It was a simple, touching letter from Martha Connor to her husband. He had sent her a message once since he had left, which had taken long to travel. He could not write a letter any better than she. Peter's message had said nothing of his leader, but it seemed that where he was, it was with his leader. It was hard to bear—to help Martha to write her letter, and not to dare to write ourselves.

Martha was thinking what to say next—looking over Geraldine's shoulder I read—following the swift, firm strokes of her pen :

“ At Lara we do not forget. Our thoughts are with those who have gone from us. From some of them we hear nothing—but we think

and pray—we hope always and trust. Remember this, and say it to all who are with you who know Lara.”

But whether the message was ever read by him for whom it was first meant, or whether the letter was ever received, we do not feel at all sure.

I wish I were as enthusiastic as Geraldine. Through all reverses—in spite of all the misery—her courage and hope never falter.

But to me, I confess with each new tale of suffering and horror, the question *will* come, “Is it really worth while? Is this really the way to our country’s happiness?”

But I try to push those questions away; they seem like disloyalty to Kevin’s cause.

August 6th.—My father has been summoned in all haste to Dublin on business.

It will keep him, he fears, some weeks away.

August 22nd.—I met Mr. Roche this morning on the moor. He was standing shading his eyes, looking out to sea. He turned when I spoke to him, and looked at me in a dazed way.

"What do you see?" I asked, and he pointed without a word to the horizon. Three large ships sailing in a line—that is what I saw.

"Do you think they are three English men-of-war, sent to keep us in order?" asked I, my old feelings returning.

"I cannot tell," he answered mournfully, "I do not know what to think—I would rather they were not there."

That was all he would say—I had all the rest of the talk to myself. Mr. Roche answered only by sighs and the most melancholy shakes of the head.

August 23rd.—The French have landed on our coast; they are within thirty miles of us. The three ships we saw pass yesterday entered Killala Bay with English colour flying.

We cannot guess what may happen; mother thinks that it would be my father's wish that we should have the defences of the house made surer. She has sent a message to all our people, calling upon them to come and help us.

Florence Connolly, the village carpenter, with a few others have come, and are at work, putting up bars and shutters. But the rest have taken no notice, and Lawrence Lalor sent back word that "he had other work to do."

The Roches will take refuge with us.

Old Terry appeared at four o'clock this morning begging for shelter—his cabin was in flames. He has been suspected for some time among the neighbours of having "informed" about the midnight meetings last May; they have burned his walls to the ground; no one will receive him into their homes—they are all afraid of each other.

His presence here will not be in our favour, but we cannot refuse to take the poor old man in.

The sound of hammers has been going on all day through the house; outside the wind and the sea are moaning drearily. Lilian is crying in her own room and refusing all comfort. Ida runs hither and thither in excited delight. Nora and Shane look graver than I have ever seen them. Terry sits trembling over the kitchen fire. Mother

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moves about calmly, directing the work, writing to father, making arrangements. The Roches are at home packing all their things of value to bring with them.

Note added at night.—At five o'clock this afternoon the sounds ceased—every hammer stopped work—the men left in a body. They are sorry, they said, but they had to go. We hear that they, with a number of others, have set off, under the leadership of Lawrence Lalor, to join the French standard at Killala.

The work is left in so unfinished a state that it is of no use whatever. All the servants in the house have gone without warning excepting only Nora and Shane. We are alone and unprotected.

The only men with us are all three old and good for little—Shane, faithful but fearful and inert—Terry, weak and quaking—Mr. Roche, desponding, *distracted*, unable to handle a fire-arm.

We all assembled in the hall and consulted together. Mother was not long in coming to a decision, and Lilian seconded it strongly, while everyone else agreed—Geraldine reluc-

tantly—the rest with more or less readiness. The plan is this—to leave and fly for safety to Dublin. We only wait to start until some protection for the house may be sent from Dooncandra. Mother is applying for a band of yeomen from that town. There is no one to carry the message, so the Loughnagurra party have started in front in their own chaise, leaving their house until help arrives, with servants they trust. They have gone off quietly. We wait and are preparing. Dooncandra is a distance of thirty miles. The yeomen cannot be here until to-morrow evening, we think.

August 24th, at night.—A few yeomen have been sent, and are taking charge of all we leave behind.

The carriage is to be ready to-morrow morning at five o'clock ; we have told no one that we are starting, and hope to get away quietly.

My old home—which I am leaving for the first time in my life—good-bye !

I never thought that it would come to this. I never thought that there could be a

day when we should have to fly from our own home, escape from our own countrymen.

It is all very puzzling to me, and I promised Kevin that, come what might, I would always be true !

CHAPTER X.

Dooncandra, August 27th.—The last few days seem like a dream.

It is hard to believe that it was only three mornings ago since we drove off from home in the grey of the dawn, and looked back for the last glimpse of the castle walls, until the hills hid them from sight. And I wondered what might happen before I saw them again.

On we went all day—a little silent company inside the great, old carriage. Ida was the only one of us who talked and laughed, but she grew tired soon, and fell asleep on her mother's shoulder. On we went through heath-covered land, by wide, still stretches of black bog, where rushes stood up thickly, and from the borders of which a great, grey heron would sometimes rise and swoop away with flapping wings—on beneath barren mountains, capped with mist—on by long, straight, stony roads, and low, loose stone-piled walls—sometimes by squalid tumble-down cabins, where women, with their babies

in their arms, would come and stand amidst the clouds of smoke issuing from the doorways, and watch us till we were out of sight. We passed few living things—a pair of goats sometimes chained together, browsing; a donkey creeping along with a cart, and a girl driving; but there was scarcely ever a man to be seen. I began to wonder whether they had all gone to join the French.

The day wore slowly away, and at last we reached Dooncandra. It is a wretched little town of dirty, whitewashed houses, and full of petty shops “licensed to sell spirits and tobacco.” We stopped at the inn looking on the market-place, to change horses. There were rows of idle men sitting on the market wall, smoking and talking—crowds of beggars surrounded the carriage. Just as we were driving off a little stir began to run through the town. A messenger had arrived with the announcement that a company of the King's troops were on their way to Dooncandra, and that there was an order that the inhabitants should get ready to receive them in their houses for that night and the next. The men's faces grew angry at once,

and the looks sent after our carriage were sullen and threatening. The innkeeper warned us that the roads were very unsafe. We had already made a long delay by attempting, though all in vain, to secure the services of an armed escort—two men, mother asked for; *one* at least, she pleaded long for, but the authorities assured her it was impossible, all were needed, not one could be spared. So we set off once more with our frail guard—old Shane.

Most of us would have preferred with tacit consent to leave the thought of danger unmentioned. But Lilian would speak of nothing but her fears; she wished we had stayed at Knocklara, she wished we had a proper escort, she wished she had never come to Ireland, she knew she should never leave it, she was persuaded she should die, she felt so frightened, so nervous, so alarmed. Ida was tired and tiresome; Lilian scolded her, and complained to her mother—"It was all Millicent's fault," she said, "she spoilt the child." Ida began to cry, and mother had enough to do to pacify them both. The half-spoilt, cross child sobbed herself to sleep again

at last, and Lilian, rejecting every attempt at consolation or sympathy, leant back in her corner of the carriage and sighed unceasingly in her lace handkerchief. Honor sat erect and grim, with tightly compressed lips, looking out at the wide, wild, weird country through which we were passing. Mother's hands, clasped round her sleeping child were clasped also, I knew, in silent, beseeching prayer; and thus we went on and on in the growing dusk, on to the sound of the slow, steady beat of the horses' hoofs and the monotonous rattle of the carriage wheels. Now and again we overtook little knots of men walking together, all in the same direction, all with the same dark set faces; it was no cheering sight; we began to think the solitary, lonely roads were the best.

Then came a muffled sound as of drums beating; it ceased again, and we tried to fancy it had been only the wind sighing down the narrow pass we had entered. Woods of low growing, stunted firs, rose on either side of the straight road. There was a sharp turn in the road at last. A shot was fired, and one of our horses fell dead; men armed with pikes sprang out from among the trees and

surrounded the carriage. The way was blocked up with a barricade of wheelbarrows, cart wheels, and branches of furze. I do not know how possibly to write it all down as it happened; it was but a scene of a few minutes, but it seemed an age. They made Shane prisoner whilst they searched the carriage; a wild shout of triumph rang through their ranks as the cases containing the family plate and jewels were discovered. A pike's point was thrust into our midst, shattering one of the window panes, with the challenge, "For the king or the country?" Just then all became blurred to my mind. I think I fell forward, and that my head struck against the carriage door, and that I must have been stunned. For after that everything became indistinct; I only dimly remember a sudden confusion and a great cry rising and ringing through the rebel ranks—"The red-coats! the red-coats! the red-coats are upon us!" Then some one on horse-back came riding up to the carriage, forcing his way through the rabble. Shot followed shot, the air became filled with smoke; and after that I remember nothing more.

When I recovered consciousness I found

myself lying on a strange little bed, covered with a patchwork quilt, in a low, white-washed room, with a straw thatch and rafters overhead. Mother was watching by my side, holding my hands. She made me take some restorative, and told me to stay quiet and not to talk. She would answer no questions, except to say that, God be thanked ! we were all safe, and were in refuge in a farmhouse. I felt rather too weak to wish to talk much, but lay and remembered all slowly. Presently a door at the other end of the room was opened, and some one came towards me through the shadows, and a voice I knew spoke out—Roderick's voice, with its old bright ring—

“ Eveleen ! So there you are ! how are you —all right now ? Dear little girl ! ”

In an instant I had sprung up, regardless of mother's restrictions, and was in his arms, with breathless questionings and wonderings.

Roderick carried me back and made me lie down again and came and sat beside me and told me the story of our deliverance, and how the king's soldiers, of whose expected arrival we had heard at Dooncandra, were no other

than a detachment of his own regiment—they were on their way to Dooncandra when they fell in with the little party of rebels who were attacking us and were just in time to scare them off and save us.


There were voices talking somewhere below.

Roderick stopped and listened—"That is Captain Dudley's voice," he said. I could have told him that. "He took the men on to Dooncandra—he said he would ride back and see how you all are."

"I think I can get up and come down now," I said presently, when mother was not there to remonstrate.

"Nonsense," said Roderick for her, "you are not strong enough yet, you must lie still this evening."

"I feel quite strong now," I assured him, and Roderick soon had to help me down the little ladder-like staircase. It led into a cheery kitchen where firelight was flickering on the walls and dark-wooden dresser with its china and pans and pots. There was a great wide chimney corner like that in Charlie Delany's cabin, and in its recess sat



two figures, each on a bench, with the fire burning between them.

It was a picture which somehow I fancy I shall always remember.

Graceful velvet folds hung around one of the figures, and lace ruffles fell from the white jewelled arm which was raised to hold a large fan as screen from the fire's scorch. The light shone on a long dark curl fallen loose, and on the curve of the face which leant forward: a pale cold face no longer—it was animated and smiling.

The other figure was in the King's uniform there was a glitter and dazzle here and there amongst the bright scarlet—one hand rested on the sword hilt as he leant in eager conversation.

“What a pity to disturb such a happy picture!” was my first reproachful thought—why had not Roderick and I stayed upstairs alone in the attic?

It was too late—there was a clatter of sword and spurs—Captain Dudley rose to greet me. How did I feel, had I recovered the shock? he inquired with a great show of solicitude, and re-arranging of the wooden

settle, and blowing up of the fire until it seemed one shower of blazing sparks flying up into the wide dark chimney overhead.

Had I recovered ? asked also Lilian, languidly, with raised eye-glass. Roderick sat by her side and talked, and Captain Dudley sat by my side and talked. But the talk ceased to flow easily, the pairs were mismatched, the harmony of the picture spoilt.

Mother entered, having put Ida to bed, and then she and Roderick discussed our plans, and referred to Captain Dudley.

Roderick advised that we should return home, in which case, he said, he would apply to his colonel, both for leave to escort us there in safety, with a detachment of soldiers, and to remain on guard at Knocklara until the French should be driven from our coast.

Mother, believing this would be my father's wish, agreed without delay.

The farm people made us welcome ; it was arranged we should remain with them until orders from the colonel who, with the rest of the regiment, is not many miles distant, could

CHAPTER XI.

It has been a strange episode—these last two days in the lonely farmhouse—in an unknown country. The little attic has grown to be quite a familiar place to me; it seems as though I must have woke up in it many mornings, and found the sprig of dry blessed yew—kept sacred since last Palm Sunday—hanging on the wall at the foot of my bed beneath the woodcut of Saint Joseph with the Holy Child in his arms. The farm people are kind, and try to make us as comfortable as they can.

Yesterday was Sunday; Roderick rode over from Dooncandra in the afternoon. Captain Dudley, he said, was unable to come. Lilian began to find the day very long and wearisome, and spent the remaining part of it in bitter complaints of the discomfort and hardship she had to bear. Mother wrote a letter to father to be posted at Dooncandra. Ida amused herself with chasing the little pigs in the farmyard and watching the goats

being milked, and thinking how much nicer it was to live in a cottage than in a castle. Roderick and I sat at the foot of a stack of mangolds in the haggard and talked. It is a relief to talk about Kevin—this uncertainty about him grows more and more terrible. We wondered about the Roches—whether they were journeying, and in safety—what they would think when we did not follow—what father's anxiety would be when he met them and learnt their news. Roderick told me of some of the awful scenes he has been through since last we met, but I know he suppressed the worst; he spoke of the bravery of his soldiers—of the fine discipline in which they were kept. "There are heavy charges of cruelty brought against our troops nowadays," he said. "Of one thing I am certain, not a word can be said against our men when Dudley is in command. I have been in his company through it all; he is a splendid fellow, Dudley; ask our men what they think of their captain; they would do anything for him; his influence is great."

This evening, when I was feeding a brood of goslings, the sound of a quick trot came


down the road, Captain Dudley dismounted at the paling and led his horse into the yard.

"I have brought the colonel's answer," he said. "Guess what his orders are? Not only that 'Lieutenant O'Rossa' is to go on guard at Castle Knocklara, but that I also am to be of the detachment. There are reasons to expect much disturbance in those parts—there is a report that the rebels are advancing towards Lara; until the French have been driven from this coast it is thought well that the outposts should be garrisoned. What will Mrs. O'Rossa say?"

"She will say she is glad."

And a few moments later she was saying it for herself, Roderick was warmly welcoming his friend, and proposing a cheer for "the Knocklara guard," Ida was on the top of the churn dancing a jig for joy, Lilian was sighing rapturously over the delight of seeing "*dear old Knocklara* once again."

We are to be in readiness to start early to-morrow morning.



CHAPTER XII.

Castle Knocklara, August 30th.—Safe home!

The journey passed off safely, though there were alarming rumours of danger.

Dooncandra was ringing with the news of a battle at Castlebar. It is quite true; a battle was fought the day before, while I was feeding the goslings in the farm haggard. At first Roderick and Captain Dudley utterly refused to believe that the royalists had been defeated—their numbers were superior to those of Humbert, the French general—but they soon learnt that the fact was indisputable; there had been a complete and disgraceful defeat; Castlebar is in the hands of the French. Humbert says he has never seen a more obstinate engagement—not even at La Vendée. Roderick and Captain Dudley are furious—one of the sorest parts to them is the suspicion of treachery among the privates of the Royal troops.

Men and women at Dooncandra scowled

with fiercer hatred than before as the soldiers formed round our carriage, while it stood for some time drawn up opposite the hospital, from which Shane was carried out to us on a litter—he was doing well, and it was his wish to return with us to Knocklara. There was a delay too while the soldiers packed a van with a store of provisions, which we should need in case of siege. Then we started again, and travelled quickly all day. How little we had thought to have returned along the same lonely roads, by the same bogs and crags which we had passed only a few days since. And now the strangest part of all was to look out and see the gleam of bayonets and red coats guarding the way behind and before, while the glens echoed to the march of men and horses, and the rocks rang with bugle call. High and dauntless and daring rose the bugle notes, sounding like some proud challenge. Their cry brought women and children from the wayside cabins—they pressed forward to watch the unwonted procession pass; mothers held up their little ones to see the gay, scarlet soldiers, with their brilliant bayonets flashing

in the sunlight. Poor mothers and wives ! poor little children ! they had yet to learn that it is men like these who massacre their husbands and fathers without mercy on the branch of the nearest tree ; they had yet to learn that, at but a few miles distance from their cabin doors, martial “justice” had begun for their district, as it had begun for others.

It was a saddening, sickening sight, which has haunted me ever since. A troop of soldiers was drawn up where two roads crossed and where a great, bare elm, struck dead, and blackened by the winter’s storms, still stood, and flung out huge limbs ; there was a file of peasant prisoners—some old, some young—bound hand and foot, waiting their doom with despair and hopeless revenge stamped on their faces. Sentence had been given—short and sharp with no warning. *Death* was the order, they were doomed to die on the gallows of the old elm, while their children danced in the glad sunshine, and shouted for joy to see the King’s soldiers pass.

Thank God ! we were not five minutes later on arriving at that spot.

The officer in command exchanged salutations with Captain Dudley, and we were obliged to halt while making inquiries of him as to the state of the roads. I overheard two soldiers, who had just been binding the arms of one of the rebels; they were laughing recklessly together—

“String them up!” cried one, “there will be six rebels the less to-night! This is the way to rid the country of such vermin! String them up, six in a row!”

How *dared* they speak so of their fellow-men!

Every spark of the old passion for “freedom’s cause” rose with one rush within me as the pitiless words fell with horror on my ear. Suddenly it flashed upon me to ask myself what it was I was doing? Here were six of my own countrymen doomed, at but a few moments’ warning, to die by the roadside for the same cause which I had been holding sacred, while I, who had promised to be ever true to it, could, among velvet cushions, roll by in state in a coach and pair, surrounded by a body of the King’s troops and outriders, with an Englishman at their head.

"Are you going to let those men die?" I could not help inquiring of the officer, as he stood at the carriage door to speak to mother.

"That is the order I have just given," replied he, with an expressive little shrug of his shoulders; "one must act promptly in these days," he added.

"Spare them!" I entreated, with sudden hope and clasped hands. "Spare them at least just this once!—spare, at least, just these six lives!"

"Hush!" said Roderick, glancing apprehensively towards the six men grouped at a little distance.

"Pray don't let us have a scene!" implored Lilian.

"Hush, Eveleen," remonstrated also mother. "Be sure that it is not for you—not for us—to judge."

But I knew she was hiding her feelings of compassion, for she continued in a very low tone to the officer—

"Is it quite impossible to lessen the sentence?"

"Madam, it is quite impossible," said the

officer with the stern face. "I received instructions this morning before leaving camp. I must see that they are carried out."

"Let us drive on," said mother.

But there were still some words to be said between the three officers. There was warning given that—somewhere about these parts—a rebel ringleader with a little desperate band of men lurked. Only two days since they had charged and worsted part of the King's troops. The detachment with which we had just fallen in had been sent out with stringent orders how to deal with the leader if captured.

It was the realization which arose on hearing this, which was, perhaps, the most terrible part to me of that wayside scene. It brought home to me so vividly, the awful risk there is for——. I cannot bring myself to write that name in connection with anything so appalling. Never before had I realized so keenly *this* danger for him—What if in some distant part of the country he had suffered already, or that some day, perhaps, was sentenced to suffer the same

ignominious death in common with those six rebels before our eyes? Who could tell, and who was there to bring us word or a last message?

All my sympathies at that moment were with the unknown rebel ringleader of whom the soldiers I saw before me were in search; all my anger and resentment were against him who was speaking with such merciless, measured calmness.

Just as the carriage began to move on he came to my side, and, speaking low, said—

“Do you think it is lightly I could refuse your request? You must remember a soldier may not choose his orders. Will you blame him if he has simply to obey them?”

I had thought him hard and cold, and cruel. As he spoke those words I looked at him, and saw that he was steeling himself to be stern—hardening himself to obey hard orders. I felt it to be true that a soldier needed to be nerved and braced to do his duty like this. I had been unjust, and the carriage had moved off before I could say anything.

And so this, too, added to the pain which

lasted for the remainder of the home-journey. Such strange, mingled feelings one has in these days !

“ You were unfair,” said Roderick, riding up by the carriage side.

“ Do I not know it ? ” I answered. “ I am sorry, but it is too late to tell him.”

How I wish that Geraldine had been there ! She would have done or said something so much more effectual than that feeble effort on my part, which had caused more harm than good. Honor was doing better than I. In her corner of the coach she was murmuring a litany for the dying ; and as we went on, in silence, I joined in heart, while a cry of repetition ran through the prayer, which was something like—

God have mercy on the dying and on the living !
Christ save them both !

A few minutes more and we knew that six souls were beyond the reach of our prayers, and, oh ! what if there was a seventh who had already passed into the “ beyond,” too ?

We reached our journey's end in safety. As we neared home, Roderick, who had

been riding a little in advance, suddenly wheeled his horse round and returned to the carriage side—

“*Whatever is the meaning of that?*” asked he, with a frown, pointing in the direction where the castle towers had risen into sight against the glow of the evening sky.

We looked, too, and saw a flag—a green flag—flying from the topmost turret.

“What are the yeomanry about? what does it mean?” cried Roderick again, with indignation, and he put spurs to his horse and galloped on ahead.


We soon found what it meant. It meant that the little band of yeomen which had been granted for protection of the castle had proved disaffected—they had forsaken their post that very morning, and had gone off to join the rebel army. Some of our own people had since hoisted the flag, deeming it the safest means for the defence of the castle, which, but for Terry O’Toole, was left desolate and deserted.

Under shelter of the green badge, he had remained on, and assured us he had intended to take all the care in his power

of the house and place. If we had dropped from the skies old Terry could not have looked more amazed at our sudden arrival, nor have gaped with wider eyes and mouth at the unexpected sight of what he called "the army."

The first order the captain gave to his "army" was to go up straight to the battlements and take down the green flag. Terry looked on with dismay and disapproval, and gave Captain Dudley to understand that in his opinion it would save a great deal of unnecessary danger and ill-feeling in the country if it were to be left where it was. The soldiers scoffed good-naturedly at the old man and his double-sided principles, and lost no time in hurling down the flag, ripping it to ribbons, and flinging it to the winds, ending the work with a shout on the castle heights of "God save the King!"


"It's a big mistake on the part of the jintleman's," grumbled Terry. "It's fine to be protected widin, but shure, f'what harm would it be to let it fly in pace widout the walls?"



CHAPTER XIII.

September 19th.—It is long since I have written. I must try to put all down in order. It was so strange, those first days, at home, before we grew accustomed to soldiers on guard outside and in—bugles sounding at stated hours, the rooms darkened with barricades, the windows blocked up, except where the light is let in from the top. Roderick quartered in his own home, Captain Dudley directing the defences, making as secure—as it was possible to make secure—bars here, bolts there, putting up shutters, boring loopholes, teaching us how to load and use fire-arms, setting us to melt lead for making bullets—finding time betweenwhiles to mend Lilian's harpstrings and take Ida for rides on horseback up and down the long corridor.

One night there was a tremendous thunder-storm; the wind rose and shrieked round the castle walls; I looked through a chink in one of the shutters and could see the lightning glare over the wild sea.



Lilian was frightened and hid her face in a sofa cushion. Captain Dudley sat by her side and tried to reassure her ; he persuaded her at last to take her harp and play.

It was in the great hall. I got away into one of the dusky alcoves and listened to the storm raging outside—to me it is like an old friend ; it carried my thoughts back to the wild nights long ago when we were children playing in the nursery—Kevin with his wild Irish fighting Roderick and his band of Saxons. Ah, we little guessed then how real it would one day become !

Brother against brother—a sham no longer, a fact as true as it is terrible.

From my corner in the dusk I could see Lilian seated at her harp surrounded by lights, Captain Dudley listening and talking with her. The storm almost drowned all other sounds. A longing came over me to talk of old times to someone who would remember and care. I went upstairs to the old nursery—it looked almost the same as it used to look on those same nights ; Ida was in bed and asleep—Honor in her old straight-backed chair by a dim shaded light. She

“~~I~~ looked very white and worn, I thought. I ~~sat~~ on the floor and talked as I have not done ~~since~~ so long, leaning my head on her lap.

“What brings you here to talk like that to-night, dearie?” she said with a strange sound in her voice when I ceased.

“What is the matter?” asked I, quickly raising my head to look in her face.

“Now did I say there was anything the matter?” she expostulated evasively.

“But there is!” I cried convinced, “tell me, Honor!”

“Well—may be it is best to be prepared for the worst” she answered slowly.

“Go on!” I said sitting upright; “tell me all—I *will* know!”

“Dearie, I’m thinking we shall never see Mr. Kevin again.”

“Why?” I cried; “why? what are you saying?” though the thought was not so very new.

“Just this—only this,” she continued pausing between the words; “this night I have heard the music on the water.”

I knew what she meant—she was alluding to the old family legend in which she had

always placed faith, that whenever an O'Rossa was going to die there was strange wild music to be heard over the sea.

"It is a fancy," I assured her, "nothing but a fancy. Lilian has been playing the harp to Captain Dudley—it was a love song you heard."

"When you have lived as many years in this world as *I* have lived, Miss Eveleen, you will know the difference between a love-song and a death-knell," answered Honor solemnly.

I knew Honor was superstitious, I knew it could be nothing but a fancy—but I could have wished she had never thought nor spoken it.

That night I had a vivid dream. The great black elm which had served but a few days since for such ghastly gallows was there, and—*he* was there with the firm fixed look I know so well : a pardon was offered in the King's name—it was Captain Dudley, I thought, who brought it—Kevin scorned it, and turned to meet death—"True once—true to the end !" he seemed to say to me, and I fancied there was reproach in his tone. "*Hasta luego !*" he said more softly to Ger-

aldine who was there too, brave and encouraging. And the bare black branches groaned and creaked—some chains clanked. I awoke with a horrible start to hear the bolts and bars of my window rattle and shake, and the wind and the waves wail. The thunder had ceased, the storm was less high than it had been. Quite distinguishable from the sighing of wind or waves I distinctly heard the sound of distant music. It was vain to call it fancy, I could not fail to hear it. In another moment I was at the window, looking out. A pale moon was struggling to cast its broad dim light on the angry water, a chain of black vapoury clouds were hurrying swiftly across it. I listened and heard unmistakable music, but the winds carried it away, and I could not tell whether it seemed to come from afar or near. Again I listened—again it came—strange wild music as Honor had said, swelling and sinking and dying away, lost in the storm. Then came the beat of drums, and no sooner had I recognised the first music to be that of horns accompanying the drums, than a sudden shrill bugle-call close under the castle walls raised

the alarm. We met in the passage—mother, Honor, and I. Honor was trembling and excited, mother calm and self-possessed. The soldier on guard, so I learnt afterwards, had already roused the little garrison a few minutes before I had heard the bugle. Roderick had sent a message to mother. There was about to be an attack made on the castle—the rebels were advancing rapidly. As soon as they had found they were discovered by the sentry, they had begun to beat their drums and blow horns. They were coming in search of arms. Their numbers exceeded our slender garrison. In another minute they had surrounded the house. As soon as we could be ready, mother and I—according to Roderick's instructions—came down to the inner hall. They had commenced the attack on the adjoining hall. Captain Dudley had not waited until that crisis to instruct his men what they were to do—each soldier held his post, all was in order.

Captain Dudley had just given the command “ Fire ! ” and then he came over to us, and spoke quite quietly, telling me not to be frightened, and directing us to load the guns

as they were wanted, and showing us where to place them when ready. It was a help to have to give attention to the work instead of only listening to the fearful sounds going on without. From time to time conflicting cries reached us—the predominating cry was “Arms! we only want arms! give us your arms!”—others added “The O’Rossas need have no fear!” but a fierce curse would answer “And why shouldn’t they fear with the rest of the rich who help the wrong? why shouldn’t their turn come?”

And again a voice would cry “If yer hadn’t called in the red coats we’d have left yer alone. Let them give up their arms—or it will be vengeance on the red coats!

Then a chorus, “Vengeance for our wrongs! Arms or vengeance!”

“The King’s arms may only be wrenched from dead hands!” cried the soldiers, and their steady firing kept dispersing the undisciplined ranks each time they attempted an entrance. It was no time for thought, and yet as I helped to load each gun it was with a pitiful feeling for the people, but they had put themselves against those whose claims on

me were still nearer than theirs, and for their sakes, and in self-defence, there was left me no choice how to act.

Suddenly a rumour spread that fresh numbers were arriving—a ringing cheer burst from the crowd—the assault was renewed with double vigour—there was a crash—part of one of the window barricades gave way under a volley of stones and shot—through the great gap could be seen a mass of excited upturned faces, torchlights and pikes ; someone who seemed to be the leader of the band which had just arrived was riding up and down amongst the people speaking to them in urgent forcible tones—he was laying down commands by word and gesture.

Captain Dudley and Roderick held a hasty consultation, it was easy to gather they considered the danger great. They decided we must retire upstairs ; if the rebels gained an entrance they must defend the stairs and repulse them there. As they spoke, the rebel leader's horse backed with him close beneath the window. For one instant Roderick's arm was raised—he took aim—the next instant the horse had wheeled round, the rebel leader

turned his face our way—Roderick's arm fell nerveless—he went white as death. Scarcely had he rallied sufficiently to gasp the words, “Cease firing,” than a bullet pierced the shattered framework, struck Roderick with fatal aim, caused him to stagger, and fall prostrate. I was on my knees by his side, raising the powerless head, looking into the white face, and trying to believe there was life in it, when Captain Dudley caught sight of us, and hastened across the hall. None but I had heard Roderick speak—the firing was being continued.

“His last words were, ‘Cease firing!’” I cried to Captain Dudley. “Oh, pray give the order!”

To my relief he did not stop to doubt or reason so strange a message, but stopped his soldiers at once. That fatal shot had been the last sent from outside; they were drawing off.

Stooping over Roderick, his friend, with looks scarcely less white than his own, said, after an instant's examination—

“Thank God! he is only stunned.”

Mother had been attending to some wounded soldiers, at the other end of the

hall. She came now, and the rest of the soldiers came, and they carried Roderick and the other wounded to where they could be better cared for. We all did our best, but for Roderick, who was the most seriously wounded, Captain Dudley was uneasy without the advice of a surgeon. There was no surgeon nearer than Castlebar—fifty miles there and back ; and the town, as far as we could tell, still in the hands of the French.

Who would risk the dangers of the journey and take this slender chance ?

Each soldier sprang to his feet, when their captain raised the question, every man volunteered readily. Roderick's special servant entreated to be sent, and his service was accepted gratefully. He went in plain clothes, for safety's sake. I could not help shaking hands with him and thanking him, as I went to fasten the bars of the side door, by which he passed out. In all human probability it was only too likely he might never return in safety ; our only comfort was to look to higher than human orderings.

"Lady, I would do more than that for my master," were the parting words of the faithful servant.

They were weary, waiting hours all that next day. Many hours must pass before the surgeon could be brought, and, perhaps, he would never come. Honor went about with the shadow of the ill omen, in which she still believed, resting upon her.

"The mistake was mine," she said, "the omen makes no mistakes."

There was certainly no comfort to be had from Honor.

Our thanksgivings that morning included much—unexpected, and at first (to those who did not know the cause) unaccountable deliverance at the moment when danger was nearest; for protection all through, for the aversion, by the turn of a face, of the most awful evil that we ever have thought of, or imagined could befall us—a brother killed by a brother; for that one glimpse of the face on which we had scarcely dared hope we might ever look again; for the life of both. We have learnt since that Lawrence Lalor was among the foremost who planned the attack. Could it have been his hand which so nearly took Roderick's life?

It was Roderick, when he had recovered consciousness, who first explained to Captain

Dudley who the rebel leader was who had arrived in all haste to put a stop to the attack on Castle Knocklara.

Very thankful we all were when, the following night, the soldier returned with the Castlebar surgeon; they arrived sooner than we had dared to hope, the surgeon accounted for it by saying that he had met our messenger on the way, having already set out from Castlebar, upon receiving an urgent note bidding him come without delay. Some one—he could not discover who—had galloped into the town and left it at his house. It was not hard for us to read the riddle.

The surgeon left us full of hope and comfort about Roderick; he would do well, he thought, but it must be some time before he could recover. He attended also the other soldiers, and found them to be only slightly wounded.

The surgeon brought the news that on the fourth of September, the night of our attack—Lord Cornwallis and the royal troops being within thirty miles of the town—the French had abandoned Castlebar; at nine o'clock the same evening it had been re-occupied by

the royalists. During their whole stay the French army had behaved, he said, with the "greatest moderation," restraining their wild Irish allies, whom they looked upon as a set of savages. There was not much time to hear the story of the French occupation, for the surgeon was obliged to hasten back to Castlebar. One detail he told which I have not forgotten—it was of the heroic conduct of a Highland sentinel, who was on guard at the new gaol. He refused to quit his post to retreat with his friends; the French approached to attack the gaol; singly he faced them, fired five times in succession, killing a Frenchman each time; but they fell on him and beat out his brains, and threw him and his sentry box together down the steps.

We have since learnt that General Humbert has been made prisoner of war on his parole, and his army has surrendered. The Irish in this county have continued in arms, but are suffering for it most fearfully. They made an attempt to re-take Castlebar, but failed. Numbers day by day fall into the hands of the soldiery, who show no mercy, but put them to almost instant death; the arm of the

nearest tree is the usual means with them ending all. Leaders—some of them county gentlemen, known to us by name—have been seized one day, tried by court-martial the next, sentenced to death and hung without delay. It is tidings like these that embitter my life, which otherwise would be wonderfully happy in these days, despite all disturbances in the land.

We seem to have settled down into a quiet, every-day groove, and find it difficult to believe that we have not been going on living like this for a longer time than only a fortnight. It is just a fortnight since that eventful night of the fourth. Once more Kevin and all that most concerns him have been lost to us in utter silence; we can learn nothing, only every one knows that he it was who led the rebel-band in search of which that company of soldiers whom we met had come out. Little indeed guessed that stern-spoken soldier that the name of that rebel ringleader, about whom he had received his orders, was the name of the brother officer with whom he talked !


Sometimes I wonder how Captain Dudley

would act if put to the test; if, for instance, Kevin should fall into his hands? I am never able to answer that question to myself. One thing only I am sure of. He would do whatever he thought to be right, and he would act with kindness always.

For I have found out these past days more and more how kind and good he is, and I understand—but I think I have understood it always—how it is that his soldiers are so devoted to him, and why Roderick looks upon him as his best friend.

Everything that is possible to be done for the help and comfort of every one in the house he has seen to. He is full of sympathy for us about Kevin. I know it, although he has never mentioned his name to me, but he talks about everything to Roderick, and Roderick often repeats to me things he has said.

“Wonderfully happy” in spite of suspense, I said just now my life now is. . . . Yes, that is true, surely it is really true, and yet . . . somehow apart from the suspense about Kevin, it is not at all unmixed happiness—it is rather happiness shaded by a strange sadness.



But I know there are two people under this roof, who find these days of siege-like seclusion, days of very real, definite happiness.

They keep it to themselves so far, but I think the time must come soon, when it will be announced formally. Meanwhile I do my best not to disturb their enjoyment of each other's company by the presence of a third. When mother takes my place in Roderick's sick room, I come away up here to my little turret boudoir, and employ the long silent hours, day by day, in writing these pages. How I miss the view of sea and sky and rocks from my window, which, although in this upper storey, has been doomed to perpetual fastenings. I often feel as I look around on the familiar old oak wainscoting, darkened throughout the house by these strange fortifications; when I meet armed soldiers pacing the passages, and see swords and spears hang below the old, peaceful family portraits, and know that however much I may pine for the fresh air of the moors, I may not pass beyond the few circumscribed paces of the rock terrace immediately beneath the windows, and only then under the *sur-*

veillance of a sentry who keeps the door—I often feel like a prisoner in my own home. At times I rebel against it all, and wish ourselves free once more to come and go at will; but then again, I remember quite sadly that the day must come, sooner or later, when our garrison will be ordered away, and Roderick will be taken from us, and the soldiers and their cheery, kindly clatter and chatter, will have to go . . . and Captain Dudley . . . and we shall be left all alone as before—and it seems to me that it will be lonelier then than ever it was before—and . . . I cannot bear to think of it.

So I make up my mind to be a prisoner, and try to believe that mother and Captain Dudley are right when they say I cannot be allowed even to cross the moor to visit poor old Charlie Delany, whom we hear is very ill.

September 21st.—A bitter blow has come to us—it is true it is what we might have guessed, and perhaps did in our inmost thoughts guess might come, but it seems to us not less bitter to bear for that.

All over the country—on country gate and

on town wall—at church door and at village market—there is affixed in large, legible letters of black and white a proclamation. It is headed—

“*Five Hundred Pounds Reward.*” It is in the name of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and begins, “*Cornwallis,*” and then continues in less conspicuous characters, until midway there stands out another name—“*Kevin O’Rossa.*”

Ah, but the people are on his side—he has the hearts of the people—they will befriend him—there is not one—surely there is not one of *them* who will betray him—not one who would give him up to death though tempted by all the gold that England can offer.

That is the comfort I keep repeating to myself again and again.

But when I think of the spies and the enemies on all sides, then this comfort fails.

September 22nd.—Letters from Dublin have reached us at last. They were written just after learning of our proposed return

from Dooncandra; they tell of the safe arrival of Mr. Roche and Geraldine: they had seen my father and Denis: Geraldine writes a descriptive letter to me, telling of life in the City, and what a wonderful contrast it is to our wild bogs and moors. She could be gay, she writes, and enjoy the change if it were not that her heart is heavy and her hopes and thoughts far away. She knows that I need no explanation of that. It is a great disappointment to her that after all we should not have followed them to Dublin. She longs to be back at Lara—she misses all—home and friends and associations, and the sea and hills and country. There is no one to speak to her of Kevin—the only three in all the City who know him shun the very sound of his name. The rest of her letter is filled with questionings and speculations about him; had I received one word of news—had Martha McGrath heard anything?

Ah, what will she say when she learns the only news I have to give?

CHAPTER XIV.

September 23rd.—I have no one but my diary to whom to talk out my fears and hopes, and so I turn to it as to an old friend, and find a relief in throwing down facts and feelings on paper.

I do not mean I have no comfort in telling all to One who is better than the most sympathizing of earthly friends: with the best will, often all *they* can do is to be sorry too, but *He* does more than sympathise—He helps.

If it were not for that, dark indeed would be the dismay which would overwhelm me this day.

I was sitting this morning on the terrace steps, in the warm, September sunshine—a book lay open on my lap. I was not reading, and the breeze fluttered the pages as my attention wandered to a flight of seagulls soaring overhead, their wings shining white in the sunlight. I was envying their careless freedom.

A voice at my side recalled my thoughts,

and looking up I saw an old peasant woman with a basket of eggs which she was offering for sale. She spoke the Irish language—I understand it a little but cannot speak it. I was just trying to ask the old woman where she came from, knowing she was not one of our people, and she had begun to tell me she had come a long distance that day, when—suddenly breaking off—the tone dropped and changed.

“Do you not know me?” asked a voice which made me start, and the head which had been bent over the basket screened by the great country hood, was raised a little—in an instant I had recognised the dark, piercing eyes which looked into mine. “Take care!” the voice went on warningly, but I felt no inclination to cry out or betray my surprise in any such way—my breath was taken away—we both turned to make sure nobody was within sight or earshot—and then Kevin spoke hurriedly. “The constables,” he said—“they are searching the country for me. They may be here to-day—the safest place is in this house—garrisoned as it is, it will be but a matter of form to

search it—Eveleen! the back stairs—the secret recess in your turret—it will be but for a few hours—until they have gone—there is not a moment to lose—go and see that there is no one near the side door.”

I understood it all at once; the side door entrance is out of sight of the rest of the house-interior—a long passage leads from it, but to get into the passage one must turn a sharp corner, *or*, on the other side of the door there begins a flight of stairs which winds out of sight at once, and leads up a back way which is never used—the stairs mount to old, empty, turret-attics, at the very top of the castle, but, half way up, a door opens out to the same lobby, where, apart from any of the other rooms, is my own little turret boudoir. It was easy to grasp the idea, that the secret recess in the wall of my boudoir, which opens by a spring known only to the initiated, would be a place of safety, and that it might be reached with no difficulty. It needed only—so Kevin evidently thought—that I should take a glance down the long passage; if clear, there would be ample time to turn up the back stairs; it -

then needed only to leave him a moment there, where no one was in the habit of passing, while I went before to make sure of the lobby, and to set open the door of my little sanctuary. In a moment I saw it all, *but* I remembered *one obstacle* which would put a stop to the whole plan—the soldier on guard at the door. As briefly, as possible, I explained how he was there all day to unbar the door for any of us who wished to come out on the terrace, to fasten it again as we went in.

The words had not passed my lips before the sentry himself appeared in the distance; perhaps even an old woman with a basket of eggs seemed to him a break in the monotony of life in this dull old country castle—at any rate he settled himself to watch us from his post in the door-way. In another instant he was presenting arms—it showed me what to expect next—Captain Dudley passed through the doorway—stood a moment watching the sunshine and the sea-gulls, turned, caught sight of us at the end of the terrace, and came straight towards us.

“Busy marketing, are you?” asked he in



the cheerful careless way in which, oftener than we can guess, we jar unconsciously upon another's feelings—dreaming nothing of the havoc our simple words create—nothing of the sore spot our commonplace observation touches. What can one do but answer in the same commonplace strain ?

“Tenpence a dozen is rather dear, don't you think, for eggs at this time of year ?”

“Is it ?” laughed Captain Dudley ; “I am afraid I don't know anything about marketing. Let me see how you drive a bargain.”

And to my consternation he took up his position on the low stone parapet and looked prepared for the amusement of witnessing the transaction to the end.

The basket had been set down on the steps—its owner was busy again stooping over its contents—she was counting in Irish in a mutter.

“What is the Irish for eggs ?” asked Captain Dudley.

I told him, and stooped also over the basket slowly to gather out a few eggs while trying to think what to do.

“Ask her what she thinks of the rebels!” suggested Captain Dudley ready to be amused.

“Oh I don’t know how to say that in Irish!” said I, thankful to be spared having to run this risk.

“What is the Irish for *basket*?” continued my unconscious tormentor.

“I don’t know that either. How do you call this?” I enquired of the egg-vendor as I indicated the basket.

“Send him away,” added Kevin in his low Irish mutter after giving the required answer.

I repeated the first part and then said, following out a bright thought, “would you mind sending the sentry to the kitchen to ask Honor for a basket?”

To my joy this was acquiesced in—the sentry was called and sent; it was of no use wishing that his officer had walked the length of the terrace instead of shouting the order—it would have given us a minute’s respite, but I had a double plan in mind.

“Please Captain Dudley, will you fetch my purse for me?” I asked the moment the sentry had gone. Alas! before I could give

the directions where to find it I found myself quite frustrated.

"Oh I'll lend you as much money as ever you want!" was the very trying answer I received, and out came his purse with the most annoying amount of change—gold, silver and coppers.

I made a last effort, "Perhaps mother does not want any eggs," I recollected; "it would be kind of you, Captain Dudley, if you would go and ask her."

But he lingered on, talking away the precious moments with light unnecessary words until the sentry returned with the basket.

I felt as though that man must have run to the kitchen and back just to spite me. I have wondered since whether Captain Dudley purposely delayed until his return, so as not to leave his post unguarded even for a few minutes—but I do not think he could have considered such strict vigilance necessary, and I feel quite sure he had not the vaguest suspicion at that moment of any danger.

At any rate when the soldier had retired to his post, and while Captain Dudley had gone on my message, Kevin and I knew that

we had but a few moments to speak together alone.

“It is hopeless!” said Kevin. “Listen Eveleen—this is what you must do—I am staying—under concealment—at the Delany’s cabin, come to me there (alone) early to-morrow morning, before six, and we can plan what there is no time to plan now. If the constables have not been to these parts by that time we may be able still to arrange a way in which I could gain an entrance here ; for the sake of the cause I must guard against arrest. I am safe as far as the people are concerned, every cabin offers me shelter, but for their sakes I cannot bear the risk of bringing them into trouble. If, on the other hand, the constables should have made their search, and have left these parts, unsuccessful, by to-morrow morning I too must try to escape without delay, but I long to see and talk with you once more first. Poor old Charlie Delany is always asking for you, he wants to see you before he dies—I promised I would let you know—so under this cover you can surely come ?”

Before there was time to speak of the difficul-

ties which might hinder me, and to tell Kevin that I am not free, as he supposes, to come and go at will, Captain Dudley re-appeared and I could only promise hastily "*I will come !*"—feeling as I uttered the words that there *must* surely be a way which would open for me, and that meanwhile it were better not to trouble Kevin with the expression of a doubt.

"*Be sure you speak of me to NO ONE,*" was the last injunction given with strong emphasis.

"*Trust me—I promise !*"

And by that time Captain Dudley had reached the end of the terrace and us, and we had to control ourselves and remember the rôle we had to play ; as in some fairy tale Kevin changed back into the country peasant—I to the lady-patroness of the castle.

"Mrs. O'Rossa says you had better take a dozen."

"Then will you lend me the money ?" I said, trusting he would not see my trembling haste to put an end to this dangerous farce.

"That will be—let me see—*tenpence* for a dozen did you not say ?"

The dozen eggs had been quickly trans—

ferred to the other basket before the contents of Captain Dudley's purse was shaken into the palm of one hand, and the other hand had picked out a sixpenny and a fourpenny bit.


"Oh never mind!" I cried, unable to stand this fumbling, which in my nervous hurry seemed interminable, "this will do," and I snatched a shilling and thrust it into "the old woman's" hand. "The twopence must stand for luck!" I said with an attempt at a laugh.

Captain Dudley laughed genuinely.

"Your old lady understands that I see, though it's the King's English!"

And I recollected I had forgotten to translate the words to Irish—however it passed quite naturally, and while receiving the usual benedictory thanks I gathered up the great thorn-wood stick and giving it to its owner, wished "her" a very good morning, and should have been glad if some magic could have suddenly transformed it into a broomstick which would have carried her away without further delay.

"Poor old soul!" reflected Captain Dudley compassionately looking after the apparently



feeble steps as she hobbled away, then—with a glance at his hand filled with money—"here I will give her this," and he darted after her with sixpence.

Poor Kevin ! If I had not been too pre-occupied with more serious thoughts I could have pitied him for being obliged to receive a sixpence in charity from the hand of a soldier in King's George's army !

I should be sorry to question him whether they were blessings or cursings which he uttered, as he went on his way, until out of sight.

The whole time that Captain Dudley had been present Kevin had managed to keep his face turned from him, and hidden beneath the great hood, though indeed to a stranger I think that the alteration of the face as well as the rest of the disguise must have been perfect. I doubt whether I should have guessed it at first myself if Kevin had not spoken in his natural voice and looked at me with a purpose.

"Why are you going in ?" asked Captain Dudley discontentedly, as I moved towards the door. "You had much better stay out

as long as you can this beautiful morning. This parapet makes a capital seat."

"I must go in—I want to go in now," said I, scarcely measuring my words by politeness in my anxiety to avoid any further conversation about what had just passed, and to get away alone to think.

"You are always hiding yourself somewhere," grumbled the captain, as he followed me.

Such is the ingratitude one meets! As if it were not for his sake! Men are so short-sighted. I give Lilian credit at all events for appreciating my motives better.

We met her, by-the-bye, in the hall.

"So you have finished writing your letter at last," exclaimed Captain Dudley, eagerly, "and you are coming out to the terrace now?"

Yes, she had been busy writing a letter for England in her own room—hence the nothing-to-do and the better-than-nobody state of mind of her knight that morning.

As I looked back I saw them both pass out into the sunlight. Lilian's Indian scarf was being adjusted for her by careful hands.

In the dimness of my fortified turret I sat down to think over other thoughts—thoughts of how to save a life, how to be true to my promise, and yet true to all. “Guide me, my God—dispose all!” was the cry of my inmost soul before daring to propose a step. Plans and counter-plans, brilliant suggestions, vain suggestions coursed before me during the next half-hour. Oh, why had I promised to keep silence? Might not all have been made straight and smooth if I could tell Roderick, or mother—or, how would it be if I were to make a daring stroke, and tell all to Captain Dudley himself—is he not always ready to help? Could I not trust him, and thereby gain the secret power which could close and open, as needed, every door in the castle, and ward off the suspicion of all others?

But I was chained by my hasty promise—by awfully real, tangible bars and bolts—by living enemies wearing the King’s uniform—by fears and misgivings; of Captain Dudley, and what his sense of honour as a servant of the King might be; of Kevin and his unforgiving anger. And then, too, through

all, I know that in secrecy there is the greater safety. The danger would be great if, when the King's constables came, any one in the house besides me should know that the fugitive—Kevin O'Rossa—is within the same walls. Perfect unconcern in looks and manner will be required ; no one will mind me, I can escape observation, but mother and Captain Dudley and Roderick may be called upon to facilitate the search in some way which might betray their secret.

The day has passed—it has been as much as I could do to keep from starting visibly more than once when some sudden sound has been heard. At any moment I knew the arrival of the constables might be announced ; but the day has passed, and they have not come yet, and no one else has heard they are expected.

This, then, is what I am decided to do—I will not ask leave of any one to go and see Charlie Delany for fear lest it should be refused. I *know* that mother would wish to save Kevin, and some day will say I have done right. At half-past five to-morrow morning I must let myself out by the front

door—I cannot get out by the side door, which would be easier, because I find that the key of the padlock, which at night is added to its fastenings, is taken away and kept by the sentry, but the key of the front door is brought every evening to Roderick's room. (Shall I be able to take it away unnoticed to-night?) I cannot do without Honor's help—she will trust me without questioning—she must relock the door after me, and be ready to let me in again in an hour's time before the house is astir. To Kevin I must say—why not come to the castle by the subterranean passage which leads from the rocks to a subterranean dungeon? the key of the dungeon door I can take also—the way by those back stairs to my turret is even less frequented than the way Kevin proposed.

Note at night.—My plottings began rather badly. Roderick was dozing this evening when I seized the opportunity of first taking down the great key—which, as usual, had been brought by one of the soldiers and hung on its accustomed nail in Roderick's

room—and then trying to single out the key of the subterranean passage from a huge bunch which hangs on another peg in the same place.

“How you do fidget!” suddenly exclaimed Roderick, waking up.

And then, unskilful schemer as I am, startled and trembling, I let the whole bunch of keys fall clattering to the ground.

“It is a nice sort of nurse who startles her patients with noises like that!” Roderick complained testily. “What on earth are you trying to do? I wish you would leave my things alone.”

In gathering up the keys I took time enough to recover myself and to slip off the ring a key, which, to my joy, I found marked “Dungeon door.”

“They say it is a good sign when invalids begin to be cross. I am sure you are getting well, dear old boy,” I said coming over to him. “I am so sorry to have disturbed you; I promise not to do it again. Listen, can you hear Lilian singing? How handsome she looks in her velvet gown, as she sits at her harp—don’t you think so?”

"Humph! I don't know. I never troubled my head to think about it," said Roderick, still a little cross and sleepy; but Roderick cannot be cross long, even if he were to try, so rousing up he went on quite briskly—"Talk of *that* girl being handsome! You ought to see the girls we used to meet at the parties when we were quartered at Ballykilnamullen—that was in the days of peace—they *were* worth looking at, and better still, worth speaking to, I can tell you!"

The keys were forgotten in an animated description of the charms of the Ballykilnamullen *belles*.

"Were there really so many? and were they, indeed, all so very beautiful? and did *all* the officers like them so very much?" asked I.

"Yes to all three questions!" laughed Roderick. "What is that little sigh for, Eve?"

I think it must have been a mistake Roderick's—I did not know that I had sighed.

Soon after that Captain Dudley came to say good-night to Roderick. The keys had

come with me safely—they are already under my pillow.

How could I write all these little details at such a time as this? Partly, I think, because, as I say, it is a relief to be able to write if I may not speak; and partly for the sake of keeping my thoughts quiet and collected for what is before me to-morrow.

On my way upstairs, I stopped at the nursery and called Honor.

“Honor, do you love me enough to do whatever I ask of you? Do you trust me enough to ask no question? Oh, Honor, do you love me and trust me well enough for this?”

I knew what the answer would be. She put her two hands on my shoulders and looked into my face, and said—

“Old Honor can love and trust if she can do nought else, mavourneen. Is there a thing in my power, do you think, that I would not do for one of my children? Did I not give my word to your dead mother?”

CHAPTER XV.

VERY softly, among the shadows, I crept down the broad stairs by early morning—crossed the dim, deserted hall, where the ashes were still smouldering on the hearth—reached the great front door, with its formidable barricades of bars and crossbars of solid iron, its huge bolts and double locks. Again I felt as though acting a part in some fairy tale—trying to make an escape from some giant's palace, whose gates were guarded by a slumbering dragon, which must not be awakened. But no knight came to deliver me; no fairy waved her wand and said to those iron bars and locks "*Sesame*,"—there were only my own weak, trembling hands to draw back the heavy bolts, which no effort could keep from grating—to unhasp the bars which *would* making a jarring sound—to turn the great key, which was stiff and needed not a little strength. Work as cautiously and gently as was possible, it still seemed to me that these panic-striking sounds must

reverberate along empty corridors and reach the soldiers' quarters—must ascend and be heard in the chambers above.

But, oh! far, far more startling than the clank of the chain, I, at that moment, was setting loose, came suddenly another noise, like the report of a pistol, close to where, half-gropingly, I was at work in the shadow. Clutching the chain with a convulsive clasp, I stayed my hand and stood still.

After the first flash of fear, I recognised at once that the sound was a familiar sound. But that did not lessen my fear. It was the door of my father's library burst open—if it had been his ghost come to utter his anger against Kevin, and against I who was helping Kevin, it could not have filled me with greater fear as I saw a man's figure stride hastily towards me.

Alas! the dragon was awakened! It spoke to me in a voice which has never before thrilled me with fear, nor seemed to me unwelcome, until these last two days.

“ *Who goes there?* ” it demanded, in stern, imperative accents, unlike anything I had yet heard.

I did not answer.

"Dare to stir a step, and I will shoot you dead!" then, with sudden change of tone, "Why—*who is it?*" How is this? *You!* *You, alone!* at *this hour*—what does it mean? what are you doing?"

Then, as I still paused to seek words, he added, kindly—

"Why, what is the matter? I am afraid I have frightened you?"

"Of course you have," I gasped, faintly.

Captain Dudley called himself a brute; and in a voice full of concern, said that he was very, very sorry—would I forgive him? he had made too sure that something wrong was going on.

"But tell me—why are you here? What are you doing unfastening the door?"

"I want to go out—I must go out. I meant to go early and be back early. *It is is is hard,*" I cried, with passionate vehemence, "Oh, it is hard to be shut up like this—not to be able to go out nor come in, nor to do what one likes, without having to account for it. You do not know how hard it is to me, who have always been used to perfect

liberty. I want to go to Charlie Delany's cabin—straight there and straight back; it will not take me so long as an hour. That is the old man who is dying; he has sent me a message that he wants to see me. I should never forgive myself if I refused his dying wish, for fear of any possible danger happening to me on the way. I am not afraid. I have no fear of the people."

"Not even when they attack your house, and attempt to take your brother's life? Is that the way your people show their love and reverence for you?"

I should have been still more angry both at the injustice, and, I fear also, at the justice, of this remark, if it had not been that so much else was depending on those moments.

"The greater part were not our own people—you know that," I murmured, in extenuation.

"It is hard to be shut up, I am sure," said Captain Dudley, "but I know you must understand that one cannot make exceptions. Everybody in the house is under the same restraint—the house would certainly be no

longer safe if any one person were allowed to go in and out as they pleased. I and my men are sent here to protect you. I should be doing my duty finely—should I not?—if I were to let you go about alone as you liked, and come to harm. There *may* be no harm to meet just in these parts, but then again there *may*, and one cannot be too much on the guard at such a time as this. Why, you remember when you wished a few days ago to go and see your old man that Mrs. O'Rossa appealed to me, and that she agreed with me that it would be neither wise nor safe. Has she changed her mind?"

"Oh, no, mother does not know I am going," I answered, hurriedly. "Pray, Captain Dudley, do not speak of it to her." Then noticing that he looked very grave and surprised, I continued—"I have reasons for asking you this; please let no one know that I am here this morning. You might trust me that I have good reasons."

I threw myself on his mercy.

"I will be sure to be back before half past six," I said, beginning to draw back the last remaining bolt.

"You are not going—you must not go," he said, quietly and firmly.

He put his hand on mine and stopped it. I held the bolt—he held my hand.

"I *must*."

"Who commands this garrison—you or I?" he asked, pleasantly, looking down on me with a smile.

"You do; but *I* am not bound to obey you. I am free—I belong to the people who are for freedom."

I said it with a half-smile, too. My hand was a prisoner, at any rate.

"And you know what we call those people? They are *rebels*—nothing better. Why will you be a rebel? I wish you would enlist on our side. Come, why not begin now? Show yourself a true soldier at once by obeying orders!"

While we were parleying, the moments were passing—the sun was rising—the time of safety was lessening—a life was, perhaps, being lost.

I resolved to heed no more unnecessary words. I must come to the point. The earnestness of my own voice frightened me

lest it should be understood too well—the words were simply—

“Let me go, *I entreat you!* Oh, pray, let me go only this once!”

It was an effort to speak at all steadily. Captain Dudley stooped to try and see my face, which I had turned away.

“Why, what is the matter? Is the old man really so very ill? Do you care so very much?”

While I was struggling to keep down a hysterical sob which was rising in my throat, he spoke again—this time with the tone of one who thinks that at last he has devised a plan which would solve all difficulties.

“I will come with you—you shall go. I will take you safely there and back.”

“Not for worlds!” was the answer which nearly escaped me, but I changed it in time to—

“Indeed, indeed! I can take care of myself. It is very kind of you, but—but you will not mind if I say it? I would really rather go alone.”

Fortunately for me he did not ask for reason, but the grave look came back, and

fancied it was in a slightly piqued tone that he said—

“I am sorry you should find my company so unwelcome. You cannot suppose I can take the responsibility on myself of letting you go alone. How should I justify it to Roderick or to Mrs. O’Rossa—especially since my opinion remains the same as it was when Mrs. O’Rossa asked for it? Why not wait for a few hours and consult her again, or ask Roderick?”

Where was the use of telling him that this was what I could not, dared not do? As he spoke he had begun to lift the chain and to refasten the bars. Then my heart sank, and all hope died away. I had tried and had failed—tried to save Kevin, and had not helped him at all.

I turned away to recross the hall, heavy of spirit, too miserable to speak, unheeding of the words of regret and sympathy which Captain Dudley had followed me to say. I only reached the foot of the stairs, and there stood still. I *could* not give it all up so easily! Turning to Captain Dudley, I had to say—

"Will you take me? Will you come with me as you said? I shall be so grateful."

Honor, hiding somewhere near, must have half-heard all we had been saying; it spoke well for her trustworthiness that she did not rush forward—as I am sure her impulse must have been—to take my part, and has not since alluded to it.

It was almost hard to believe it, but in a few more moments I found myself out in the fresh, pure air of the moorlands, treading the short turf, among the heath and gorse, on my way to Kevin. It was a strange, dream-like walk—the first time I had been there for many weeks; dream-like mists floated around, and shifted as the dawn deepened. Out on the grey, shadowy sea, in the far distance, there were dim, shadowy sails. As in a dream, Captain Dudley walked by my side with a dream's pertinacity, fear and hope followed and haunted me.

I tried to talk as usual, but all the while my thoughts ran on to whether the meeting would pass off without danger, and Captain Dudley give me all the opportunity necessary for it.

"This is where I first saw you—do you remember?" said he, when we reached the old gate leading into Charlie Delany's fields.

Did I remember? Better, I think, than he. How often I have remembered that evening in May, I have told to no one—not even to you, old diary.

"Yes," was all I said to *him*.

CHAPTER XVI.

WE neared the cottage; my heart beat fast—faster and faster it beat, wildly it throbbed when on my suggesting to my escort that he might find a certain stone a good resting-place to sit and wait for the few minutes I should be in the cottage, he replied that if old Charlie would admit him there was nothing he should like better than to see the interior of his cabin.

“They are quite a study—these Irish dwelling places—so queer, yet so picturesque.”

This was a difficulty I had not foreseen, and at the moment was not prepared to combat, for by that time we had reached the door, and Captain Dudley had begun to rap.

“Come in!” cried a feeble voice.

I found an empty kitchen—the benches in the wide chimney-corner where we had sat that other memorable May day unoccupied. Old Charlie was in bed in the next room.

"I made shure yer'd come," he said, in his low, slow voice.

Captain Dudley stood in the inner doorway, and said—

"I have brought the lady to see you. May I come in, too, my old friend?"

"Come in and welcome, yer honour, if yer'll excuse a poor place, and me not able to fetch yer honour a sate."

Charlie held my hand lingeringly.

"I made shure yer'd come," he repeated. "Biddy, she tould me yesterday that she had sent word to yer ladyship, and said she, 'Miss Avelane will be here for certain by early mornin', said she."

"Where is Biddy?" I asked, quickly, apprehensive lest something unguarded about the message, or the messenger, should be said—Charlie might take it for granted that *both* his auditors knew everything that was to be known.

"She is not gone above a minute. She said she would just be for steppin' down to the Widow Dempsey for a sup of fresh milk. 'The lady won't come till I am afther gettin' back,' said she; but I am not able, yer lady,

to make a use of annyting—its rale sick I am these ten days,” and then followed a very lengthy detailed description of all his sufferings, and of what the quack doctor said, and what Biddy said, and what the neighbours said, and what the priest said, and what he himself said, and what “lady O’Rossa” had said the last time he was “took bad” the same way.

I began to think—judging from the old man’s unaltered powers of speech—that after all the danger of his illness must have been one of the mistaken exaggerations which get about among the people. I was glad of this, and yet sorry for his sufferings, and anxious to show sympathy, but I could not help wondering whether he would ever leave off talking, whether Biddy would ever return, whether Captain Dudley could ever be got rid of, whether Kevin was close at hand hidden under the rafters in the little loft overhead. It was old Charlie himself who made a break at last in his history. Suddenly he inquired—

“And may I make so bould as to ask who this the fine jintleman is, yer’ve brought

wid yer? I'll go bail it's gettin' married yer are, Miss Avelane; good luck to yer! and shure him's yer comrade that is to be, and a lov'ly jintleman he is intirely—so he is!”

In vain I tried, with crimson cheeks, to stop old Charlie's tongue—impossible task! he is deaf to aggravation, and only continued to nod his head sympathetically, and murmur, “lov'ly jintleman, lov'ly jintleman intirely.”

“It must be nearly time to go,” I said, turning in desperation to Captain Dudley, who, by the way, was looking as though he found far more amusement than I could in the old man's wanderings. He was listening so intently, that it was needful to repeat—

“It must be nearly time to go home. Will you go on, and I will follow you? I want to speak with Charlie alone for a minute.”

“To explain matters?” asked Captain Dudley, with an audacious look.

“It is not worth trying to explain!” I said, with ever-deepening crimson.

As soon as he was at a safe distance from the house, I lost no time in questioning

Charlie Delany. Coming close to him, and avoiding shouting the name, I asked distinctly—

“*Where is he?*”

“Just gone a bit down the lane, likely, waiting for yer, honey. He is the finest jintleman I see this long time, and that’s the trute.”

It began to dawn upon me that he could not know the secret that Kevin was sheltered in his own house—Biddy, and those of the neighbours who were in the secret, must have thought it safer to keep the innocent old man in ignorance. Once more I tried.

“Are you quite alone in the house, Charlie? quite, *quite* alone?”

“Not a sowl but meself; barrin’ the sowl o’ yer ladyship,” solemnly declared Charlie.

Then I tried to make a message simple enough for him to take in, impressive enough for him to remember, loud enough for him to hear, subdued enough to prevent Captain Dudley, if outside, to hear, pointed enough for Biddy to understand and repeat to Kevin. But it was all in vain. The old man was

too deaf, and began to talk wandringly of the long-ago war in America, and of what some unknown people had said, and what he had answered them in the days when he was young.

How could I tell whether Kevin was upstairs, and had heard and understood me, or whether he was in some safer place than the loft—perhaps in one of the outhouses amongst the hay or mangold heaps? Was there, indeed, nothing but the ladder of wooden stairs between us? But I dared not climb to see, for at any moment Captain Dudley might have returned. If Biddy had been there it would have been different; she would have been sharp enough to have diverted his attention. Why did she not come?

It was too late to wait any longer. Captain Dudley was beginning to grow tired of surveying the pigsty by the time I joined him.

All the uplands were glowing rosy-red in the early sunshine as we went home. It would have been a beautiful, happy walk to me if it had not been for the weight of dis-

appointment, if I had not still to wonder whether there was even yet anything else left to be done, if it had not been for a fear lest Kevin from his hiding-place had seen me *not alone*, and had misunderstood and been angry, if there had been no cause to dread what the day might bring, if I had been less anxious to hasten, or to reach home before risking notice.

Just after we had repassed that gate, Captain Dudley spoke rather suddenly, saying—

“You ought to have spoken up directly I challenged you in that way this morning. Do you know if it had been a sentry really on the guard he might have fired and have shot you dead without another second’s notice? It has often been done. I myself when asked in the dark by one of my own men to give the password—the time I was on foreign service—have heard the click of the steel as he was about to draw the trigger, and have only escaped instant death by the promptest answering.”

We were both silent for some way after that. Before we reached the castle I had

asked whether, if mother would let me prepare some soup for Charlie Delany, one of the soldiers might be sent with it? The answer was—"Yes, certainly."

And once more hope rose high.

Honor—as ever—was true to her tryst, and, according to the agreement we had made with her before starting, let us in without observation the moment we tapped at the door. Once back in my own room I began to breathe freely.

Mother's agreement to the soup arrangement was easily gained. I made it when helping Honor in the kitchen with the morning's work. Very carefully I packed it in a basket, with a piece of paper folded at the bottom of the basket, so placed that it must be seen when unpacked.

The words were written in Spanish. They were—

*"At the subterranean door—
One o'clock."*

Kevin and I, long ago, used to look over some old Spanish volumes which have lain for centuries—ever since the days of the

Earl of Desmond—in my father's library, and once Kevin brought a Spanish dictionary from Dublin, and in this way we two learned a few words of the language.

I gave the basket myself to the soldier who was waiting, and watched him from the terrace, then turned back to the house to attend to the rest of the morning's duties, thinking of the old inscription on Kevin's ring—"until *by-and-bye*." "By-and-bye" just then meant only a few hours, but how long they seemed! What would the "*by-and-bye*" bring?

The morning wore on. Mother talked to me of household matters—Roderick related a dream he had had of the best of the Ballykilnamullen belles—Captain Dudley and Lilian read poetry in the sunshine; no one guessed that the king's constables were on their way from Castlebar.

CHAPTER XVII.

At one o'clock, the hour for family dinner, I delayed in Roderick's room.

"The gong has sounded, why do you not go down?" he asked, at length.

I went then—not to the dining-hall—but down the back stairs—then by a dark flight of stone steps underground, with the nursery night-lamp and the great key in my hands—down into the dismal darkness of the dank, damp dungeon—turned the key in the old, disused, rusty door—for one breathless moment held the lamp high while peering into the dim depths of the cold, arched passage. Was any one there—or not?

I could see nothing. There was something strange and ghostly in the sound of my own voice as I called softly through the dead stillness, then stopped to listen again. A muffled figure loomed through the darkness and brought me joy and relief. We lost no time—we did not stay nor speak—we hastened cautiously up the two staircases. All the household was safe out of the way—

the secret panel sprang open at my touch, and closed again securely just as Kevin whispered—

“They will be here directly.”

In another minute I was at my place at the dinner table—not so very late as to call for more than passing notice.

Then came a loud clang at the front door bell, and every one looked startled. Captain Dudley was summoned hastily. He returned shortly, saying it was a party of constables who had come in the service of the Government, and then—addressing himself still to mother, but looking oftener at me—with a kindly, half-apologetic air, he took pains to explain, in a few nicely-put words, what the object of their visit was. They regretted, they said, any annoyance and disturbance they must cause, but they had received orders to search every house in the Lara district—Castle Knocklara itself not excepted.


They were as civil as possible, Captain Dudley said, and, of course, the search in this case would be merely nominal—merely a matter of form.

It was a painful moment. I felt almost as sorry for Captain Dudley as he seemed to feel for me. It was a relief to know that now at last my face, at least, could not betray my secret, for every one would readily interpret any troubled looks to the pain which I, as Kevin O'Rossa's sister, must experience above the rest present; a relief, too, to watch mother's perfect air of unconsciousness as she made arrangements with Captain Dudley, simply adding—

“With the house guarded by military, they might have spared us.”

How thankful I was father was not at home! Both he and mother still feel that Kevin has brought disgrace on the family—to them I know it is a matter of humiliation that the name of an O'Rossa should be blazoned abroad as a rebel—that a reward should be offered for the capture of a rebel O'Rossa. Poor father, it would have galled him, indeed, to have seen Government officials enter the walls of Castle Knocklara with instructions to search his house!

Captain Dudley accompanied them from room to room, delivering keys and answering



all necessary inquiries. I had had no opportunity of replacing the dungeon key; fervently I hoped it would not be missed nor needed.

"Where is the key of the dungeon?" was precisely the question I soon heard repeated from mouth to mouth upstairs.

"It ought to be on that bunch," Roderick's voice answered, "Ask Eveleen, she knocked them all down on the floor last night."


And I heard Captain Dudley go in search of me. I hastened to the corridor near my turret-room, and stood and waited there that he might find me alone.

"This is the key you are looking for," I said in a would-be indifferent tone of voice.

It might have been only a nervous fancy of mine that he looked at me rather hard as he took it.

I hated myself for not being braver, but a rush of fresh fear had unnerved me—what if the very seeming success of my plans was about after all to prove a failure? What, though Captain Dudley knew nothing of the secret panel, if the constables, with accustomed keenness, should by any possibility discover it, and Kevin be taken in his own home?

I supposetoo, that the suspense I had gone through the last twenty-four hours had told upon me. I was overwrought, a sudden faintness came over me at that moment; everything faded away. I only remember a gleam of hope darting before me as I gasped out that I would go and lie down in the turret boudoir, and then a vague consciousness of being carried like a little child, but it seemed to me that I had fallen asleep and had begun to dream of falling over the side of a rock—down—down—until suddenly Kevin caught me in his arms, and still I fell further and further, together with him and with my hand in his—down—down until we reached the sea, and I felt the waves wash over my face, and could hear Kevin call “Mrs. O’Rossa! Mrs. O’Rossa!” and I could only cling to him, and directly I did that he left off calling, and in a lower tone spoke to me. I thought he said “Fear nothing; dear Eveleen trust me: will you not trust me?” and I murmured dreamily “I do always,” and he answered “That is right,” in a low, pleased, eager tone. And then I fancied I heard mother’s voice far away asking what was wrong, and that at



the same time Kevin hurriedly let go my hands, and I feared I should sink in the water and cried out "Oh do not let me go!" and he answered "Never!" but still he left me, and then the dream grew more confused than ever, and Kevin changed into Captain Dudley, and I changed into Lilian Trevor, and mother and Captain Dudley began to talk together, but I (or Lilian, or whoever I was) sank deeper and deeper down into the cold sea until I reached the bottom, and then the dream ended and I opened my eyes to find myself on my own sofa with mother bending over me, bathing my forehead.

"Where is Kevin?" burst involuntarily from my lips before I recollected she knew nothing.

"Safe somewhere, let us trust!" she answered feelingly.

I lay still while she made me take one restorative after another, though I felt well directly.

"Have the constables gone?" I asked presently.

"Not yet."

"Will they have to come here?"

"No, Captain Dudley said you should not be disturbed ; he will keep them out of this and out of Roderick's room. Poor Kevin ! it is very sad. I wish we knew more about him. I wish we could hear that he is safe and not in the county."

She talked sympathisingly to me about him.

By-and-bye the constables went out of the house by the subterranean way, and I was left alone "to rest quietly." The way I acted upon this advice was—after having bolted the door—to open the secret panel and begin a whispered conversation.

Kevin was triumphant at having cheated the King's commissioners. I begged hard that he would stay the night, and persuaded him that it would be safer to be locked up in one of the upper empty turrets where nobody ever thought of going, than to trust to any of the cabins or caves so long as the constables should still be searching the neighbourhood. Kevin consented "until the morning." The continuation of the back stairs near my little sanctuary leads by a spiral flight of steps to the topmost turret-attic to which I specially

referred. The transit was easily made. I locked my own door after us, and locked a door at the foot of the spiral flight which gave us a sense of freedom; up in the empty attic we could speak without any risk of being heard. I was shocked when Kevin threw off his disguise to find how ill and altered he looks; he has been leading a hard rough life—it has left him worn and haggard; it frightens me to see him. Still that next half hour, when we were alone together, repaid all the foregoing anxiety. Kevin called me silly and brave in the same breath. One thing I was resolved to make him promise—that I might tell all at last to mother. At first he was very unwilling, but seeing that I really wished it very much, and urged that it would be a real help to me if she were to share the secret, he yielded. It may be that what he heard her say from behind the panel had helped to soften him towards her. At all events he greeted her more cordially than ever he has done in his life before. I could see it touched and pleased her. Of course she was overwhelmed with surprise, at first, when I came to tell her that while she had

been wondering, less than an hour before, where Kevin could be, nothing but a partition of wood had divided him from her.

We made him as comfortable as we could in the bare, cell-like, little turret-chamber, and, when it grew dark, I went down on my hands and knees and coaxed some peat and pine cones to burn in the damp tiny fireplace. It was not thought at all extraordinary that I should spend the rest of the day upstairs. We have had had a long talk this evening—Kevin and I—by the flickering firelight while the raindrops pattered on the roof, and fell hissing down the chimney. Kevin made me talk most—he wanted to hear of Geraldine—of our summer—of what our father had said and thought—of Roderick, whether he was really recovering. He said “Lawrence Lalor is always headstrong and obstinate—it is men like these who help to ruin the cause.”

Of himself and of what he has gone through this sad summer he would scarcely speak at all, but I cannot help fancying that in spite of all his determination never to give up for lost, always to fight on to the end, that he is not half so hopeful as before of what the end

can bring. He owns—and it is with such an unspeakably sad look that he does so—he owns that the country is not one step nearer the end for which they have been struggling, than it was before all the summer's bloodshed; freedom for Ireland and her people, Kevin says, is as far off as ever. "*But we will never rest till we win it,*" he adds.

I was not sorry that so little was said between us about politics. I do not know how to tell Kevin that I have begun to believe many things contrary to the old creed.

Among other subjects we talked over the day's history; he seemed rather anxious to hear more about that rather convenient fainting fit of mine, but it was *a propos* of that that he said such absurd things. No wonder that he should *mis-hear* words when separated by a thick wooden partition (though Kevin will persist that it was not thick at all). I cannot believe what he says—it must have been all a fancy (the only unaccountable part being that the words so strangely agree with the dream I had about Kevin himself). But he was foolish enough to grow angry about it.

Even when I told him, what was meant to disarm his imaginations completely, that Captain Dudley is engaged, or at least *all but* engaged to Lilian Trevor, he still continued to talk nonsense. He said he only hoped it was true, but after he had cross-questioned me, he would say that he was sure it is *not* true, and that even if it *were* true that it made it all the worse, and that I ought to be angry, and more on the guard.

I know, yes I know it *well*, that all I have noted these last weeks between Captain Dudley and Lilian, can be no mistake. But it is so difficult to explain to another person—unless perhaps to another woman—what one is certain of oneself. A conclusion is made up of so many *little* facts; and they sound nothing when described second-hand.

To-morrow early, Kevin says he must go, I would not stay with him late to-night, for he looked sadly in need of rest. He tells me to come to him very early in the morning, for he has last things to say, and some messages to give. Mother will help us about securing the key again; I am afraid she thinks gravely of Kevin's state, but she will not tell me. I

have been quite unable to sleep so have been writing through the silent hours.

If I at all reproach myself for having, possibly, not been perfectly straightforward by word or deed, it is still with praise and thankfulness that I look back upon this day.

CHAPTER XVIII.

September 25th.—I went to Kevin at the early hour he had named, and then I saw at once that it was impossible he could leave. He was very ill. Neither mother, whom I called, nor I, could persuade him to stay quietly where he was, until he found for himself that he could neither walk nor stand steadily.

I cannot write of the anguish of this day ; each hour, as it passed, deepened our conviction that Kevin is dangerously ill. Mother has been anxious to tell Roderick, but the one thing Kevin has repeated from time to time is to enjoin us to let no one know he is in the house.

We have done our best as far as we could tell how, but he has become worse instead of better.

As night came on he was in a high fever ; his ravings were battle cries—charges to his followers—calls—earnest passionate calls to them to rally. Once I tried to soothe him,

but he pushed me from him and cried "Go away! you shall not tempt me to yield; yield we *never* will; we conquer or we die. Take her away Geraldine! she is false, untrue, take her away." Mother signed to me to go; I went not knowing, nor caring, where. I found myself in the deep oaken window seat in the corridor where yesterday I fainted. It was late: the lights were out: but the window is one of the few which it was considered unnecessary to fortify, and so the light of the stars shone in as I leaned my throbbing head against the cold pane, and cried because I could not help it.

And then a footstep came and a voice at my side spoke before there was time to stir.

"Are you here? alone in the dark? and sobbing?"

It was said quietly and kindly, but I did not know how to answer, so rose and said "Good-night."

But I was stopped. "Don't go just yet. I want to tell you something." I waited, and there was silence. Then Captain Dudley said "I hope you will not mind what I am going to say; it is this—I have guessed your—"

secret. I could not help it; will you try not to mind?" I did not mind at all—somehow I felt glad.

"If you would rather I should say or do nothing, then forget what I have said, and it shall be as though I have not known; but if there is anything whatever I can do for you, —if I can be of the least help you know you may trust me, and I will do all I can. I have been thinking it over and decided at last it would be better to tell you."

It was a relief—a weight of anxiety gone.

I told him of Kevin's illness. He seemed to understand so well that it surprised me, until he explained that he has seen so much illness and has learnt a good deal from the surgeon of his regiment. I said I would ask mother to talk to him.

"Were you afraid to tell me your secret?" he asked presently, "were you afraid of me?"

"Kevin would not hear of it, besides—you are in the King's service."

"I am in the King's service, yes. Do you think that that makes one hardhearted and unable to do anything for one another? Do

you think it would be doing the King good service to stand apart in an extremity like this, and refuse help when help is needed and (who knows ?) may win much ? To lessen—not widen—the breach between the sides is the King's will."

"But," I said still hesitatingly, "they are the Royal troops who are burning the people's houses to the ground—they are the King's soldiers who make use of the cruel pitch caps—who massacre all who come in their way; who—I cannot forget that scene by the roadside, nor the reason those troops were out that day."

"The evil needs to be put down by strong measures, yet, unhappily there is often wrong done by the right side," was the answer given to the first part of what I had said. "They had received orders" was the answer to the last part. And I understood that, in this case, short of orders, Captain Dudley did not consider himself bound.

He said kind things about Kevin. I felt the better for that talk in the starlight.

"Good-night, and thank you," I said at last.

“Good-night—there is nothing to thank me for—I am afraid you do not quite understand—”

He stopped—I look up to know the end of the sentence—“understand what?” I wondered “Do not quite understand,” he went on speaking quickly, “why it is that it is a double pleasure to me to do anything I can for you, but I am keeping you—good-night.” And he went away rather abruptly.

I told the news to mother on a slip of paper—she was relieved to know it, and found help in consulting with Captain Dudley. Already he has helped us in many ways—the remedies he recommended seem to have brought more ease to Kevin, he thinks hopefully of his case and has made us hopeful too.

He insists on spending the night at the foot of the stairs so as to be ready to do anything mother should want. “A soldier is used to roughing it,” he says in answer to mother’s remonstrance. She is sitting up with Kevin, and has sent me to bed with the promise that she will call me to take her place in the early morning.

September 26th.—There is a tiny window-slit just at the foot of the stairs leading to Kevin's turret. I had to wait there a minute with Captain Dudley while mother was making some last arrangements in the sick room. We looked out together into the black darkness of the morning; only one star was left shining. Captain Dudley told me some pretty proverb-like words he had once heard an Italian say, "*La notte di tristezza è la vigilia di allegrezza.*" He says their meaning is much the same as our English saying that the "deepest darkness is before the dawn." And he added "But it makes all the difference in the darkest hour when 'the bright and Morning Star' is shining, does it not?"

Yes, I know that to be true.

When I next passed the narrow casement it was letting in a stream of sun-rays, and all was light and bright outside. And sunshine and hope *have* come into my heart, and I am glad and thankful. *Kevin is better.*

Roderick had begun to complain that I have been neglecting him, so I have been paying him a long visit this afternoon. He is growing tired of his seclusion and threatens to

come down and go about as usual. I have persuaded him to keep quiet one day longer, and promise to take him a walk in the corridor to-morrow. He wanted to know what we were all doing downstairs, and by way of entertaining him I gave him a sketch of what usually goes on, particularly describing how Lilian and Captain Dudley are invariably to be found together.

"Humph!" commented Roderick "I saw that game coming on before I was laid up. I never knew a girl set her cap at a fellow with the persistence Miss Lilian does at poor Dudley."

"But he likes it—I am sure he does his part and means it." So I said, but Roderick has surprised me by declaring that he never for a moment saw or thought of that. He will not believe it now, but persists that I am in the wrong, and that it is all only one-sided, and that the *other side* would escape oftener if it were in his power, and if he were not so good-natured, and if they were not thrown together of necessity. I cannot believe he is right, although I have tried hard to do so—but I am sure that, like Kevin, he does not

see that "a feather shows which way the wind blows." Besides neither of them have been on the spot day by day as I have, to mark how, that for one feather pointing in a contrary way, there are scores which all point in the same direction.

Roderick only laughs at my explanations, and maintains that the love-story is simply and solely an invention of my own imagination. He even goes so far as to say—

"Why, Lilian herself, is only doing it to pass the time, because she is hard up, and finds it amusing to make (as she *thinks*) a conquest—don't tell me that it is an *affaire de cœur* with her—she is no more in love than the cat is."

I ended the discussion by saying—

"Very well, you will see some day who is right." But Roderick only laughed again and said—

"*And you will see who is wrong!*"

September 27th.—Kevin continues better, but he is still very low and weak. It is clear that rest and careful nursing is what he needs. This illness is certainly bringing him

to understand our stepmother better than he ever has done before. Her unwearied care and self-sacrifice for him have gone far to win him at last. He has been talking more to-day. As I was arranging his pillows for him this morning he began calling me by his old, familiar name for me, "Eve!"

I stooped over him—the low, weak voice went on—

"Are you glad I came here?"

"Of course I am—you know it," I assured him.

After a pause he said—

"I am glad—and I am sorry. I am glad to know that Roderick is really getting on well. I could not bear to think that he had been harmed by one of our side. I like to have you with me now, and to be sure that you all care for me still, that even Roderick is, as you say, unchanged. But I could not meet our father—I must leave before he comes home—I will give you a message for him. I have wished that I had not acted against his will—that, at least, I had not opposed him with such utter recklessness."

Then he charged me again to use every

precaution against raising suspicion of his being in the house.

I dared not tell him that Captain Dudley knew.

He said—

“I would not for anything, that any of those fellows downstairs should get an inkling of it. I tell you,” he continued excitedly, half raising himself as he spoke, “I tell you I would not remain another moment in the house, weak as I am, if such a thing should happen. I could not endure to be delivered up by the other side.”

I tried to soothe him by assuring him that I did not believe there was a single soldier in the house who would be willing to do so, if it were only for Roderick's sake—or for Captain Dudley's, I added.

“There is quite as much to fear from that English spy as from any of the others,” Kevin said, with the old bitterness. I hastened to assure him that to say this showed that he quite misunderstood Captain Dudley.

“Men will do a great deal for *honour* and *spite*, and to get a name—to say nothing of *reward*,” he replied in the same tone.

Again I did my best to show him that he was wronging one of whose character he knew nothing.

"*You* seem to understand him very well at any rate," he said looking at me.

"It is natural that I should, after seeing so much of him, and knowing what he has done for us," and I tried to tell Kevin some things, for how could I hear any one who has been such a friend to us as Captain Dudley spoken against without saying a word? But Kevin only said—

"It is not like the Eve I left behind me in the old days, who used to hate the English with all her strength."

"I know better now," I told him quietly, "I have learnt that no good can come from hatred. I have learnt—I have remembered—that it is wrong, it is wicked to hate, and that we ought to love—not hate—our enemies."

I was not prepared for the wrathful triumph with which Kevin caught up my words, exclaiming—

"There! Now you confess it yourself! The other day you tried to deceive me, when I was sure I was right. I knew it must be so, and now you acknowledge with your own

lips, that on your part too it has come to *loving*! The insolent, insinuating, English spy!"

In vain I affirmed that in what I had said I had only meant to speak in a *general* way, signifying and including *all* the English and *all* one's enemies—Kevin would not listen. He began to talk all over again, about those words he declares he heard Captain Dudley say to me.

"If you make out that he means nothing, my dear girl, will you tell me what on earth induced the fellow to speak to you in this way? In fact, in *any* case, what right had he?"

Thinking it over the last few days, I have begun to believe that there must be some foundation of truth in this idea of Kevin's, because they are the same words which in my state of dreamy unconsciousness, I had fancied he himself had spoken. But if so, of course all that Captain Dudley could have meant, was to tell me to have no fear about the constables and to trust it all to him—the rest must most certainly have been a mistake. It is no wonder that the faintness

should have confused my own memory—no wonder, as I said before, that words should not penetrate distinctly through a wooden barrier. But Kevin is unreasonable.

“How is it that *you*, born an O’Rossa,” he contended, “how *you* can permit that Englishman to dare to *look* at you, I cannot imagine—I cannot endure, and I will not stand it.”

“Kevin,” I said, coming and standing before him, “you are troubling yourself most needlessly. Listen to me. I like Captain Dudley. I can see no harm in that. And Captain Dudley, I believe, likes me—I am not ashamed to say it—I am glad it is so. I like to be cared for by any one for whom I care. I cannot tell how much is for my own sake or how much is only owing to my being a sister of Roderick’s, for Roderick has always been such a very great friend of his; and then I think he is sorry for me, and has always felt for me, because of my sorrow and anxiety about yourself.

“But his care and his feelings for *Lilian* are of quite another kind. You will know it some day yourself if you will only wait.”

"Pray did he tell you all that?" asked Kevin drily.

"There are some things which are told without words."

But Kevin looked dissatisfied. The thin hand was stretched out and took hold of me.

"Let me look at you Eveleen—look me in the face, and say all that again."

He made me kneel beside his couch to bring my face on a level with his steady, stern gaze.

I believe it is supposed, that those who are speaking truth, show it by the fearless, frankness of their countenances, but I fancy there was nothing to reassure Kevin in the burning face which raised itself at his bidding, nor in the would-be brave voice which in spite of itself began to falter. It brought such a sense of responsibility to know that so much depended on one's looks at that moment, and I felt vexed and illused.

"As if I cannot see through that!" Kevin exclaimed, scornfully dropping his hold of me, and continuing in a rapid excited way—"You try to make yourself believe all you have been saying, and you imagine you do believe it,

but all the while you cannot conceal from me that you have given up the old principles, forsaken the old colours, gone over to the other side who look down on, and hate and despise your brother, and who are doing their best to revenge themselves with his death—and all this for—what? for the sake of *an Englishman*, who with fair speeches and subtle insinuations, is little by little, inch by inch, drawing your heart away from all that you once held dear and sacred. And this is the Eve who gave me her word and promise but a few months ago that she would *always be true!*”

“It is very unkind of you to talk to me in this way!” I cried, nearly breaking down with indignation and vexation. At that moment mother came in. No wonder she looked surprised and alarmed. Kevin, who had raised himself in his excitement, now sank back exhausted.

“What is the matter?” mother asked me aside.

“Oh never mind,” I said, turning to the window to hide my face, “it is about a foolish mistake of Kevin’s.”

"It is about a very serious mistake of *yours*," Kevin muttered in a weaker voice, as he lay back, breathing hard. "If you do not take care," he said, "I will ask *her* about it some day, and then you will have nothing to say."

Mother went and stooped over him and asked what it was he wanted to know.

"Never mind, mother," I pleaded.

"Never mind," said Kevin a little ungraciously.

And then I began to feel how wrong and foolish I had been in losing patience, and in letting Kevin put himself in this state, for it was telling on him now, and I felt so sorry and ashamed when I saw him lie there looking so white and weak, and gasping for breath, and heard mother's reproachful,

"How could you let this be?"

For he had been left in my charge, and what an unworthy nurse I had proved! And all about such a silly, tiresome thing. Poor Kevin! it must be on account of his very low, weak state, that he is unable to understand things rightly. It must of course be that, and it was foolish of me to attempt to argue

with him. I should have waited until he is stronger.

Oh, how can I ever tell him now that Captain Dudley knows he is here ?

At night.—Kevin and I have made it up. He is better again this evening, and quieter.

“It was a shame to accuse you in that right-and-left fashion this morning, poor little Eve,” he said ; “I am sure you do believe all that to be the truth, only you know that does not make it so, and I question very much whether that ‘Dudley’ thinks so either.”

And then I told him how I had begun to think differently from the old creed and politics long before I had really known Captain Dudley, and certainly not for his sake. But I would not talk much about it, for I am sure it is not good for him yet. Another time I will tell him how changed it has all become to me since those old days, and how sure I am that the mistake was *then* not *now*.

This evening when I went to say goodnight to Roderick, he kept me while he whispered—

“Are you *quite* sure you are *never* mistaken ? ”

Captain Dudley was with him. At the moment I could only think of what that last talk with Kevin has brought back to me so forcibly—the great mistake which this year has taught me I have until now been making. And I answered sorrowfully—

“I am not at all sure. I know I have made mistakes.”

And Roderick whispered back—

“Ah, I am glad you acknowledge it so soon.”

There was such a mischievous look in his eyes as he said it that I suddenly guessed what he meant, but I could say nothing before Captain Dudley.

Is it then really possible, really true, that I have been wrong all this time, and Roderick after all in the right? I can scarcely believe it yet, and I would not for worlds tell this to Kevin, for when people persist in building up a castle in the air, every fresh brick which seems to fit, is taken by them as a further proof of its positive existence.

CHAPTER XIX.

September 28th.—Kevin has consented that we should tell Roderick about him. He had been a little doubtful as to how Roderick would feel towards him, but I satisfied him on that point, and there could have been no room left for misgiving if he could have seen the genuine joy with which Roderick received my wonderful piece of news this morning. It was with difficulty I could restrain him from raising a heartfelt cheer in honour of Kevin's safety.

"So you say nobody in the house knows of this but you and mother?" he said when I had told the story.

"Captain Dudley knows it—no one else."

"Really? So you tell *him* what you do not tell *me*!"

"I did not tell him—he guessed it," and I warned him to keep this fact a dead secret from Kevin. "Kevin hopes you will come to see him when there is a safe opportunity, and as soon as you are able to manage the stairs."

As we were talking we suddenly heard the sound of wheels, and then a great clatter and clanking of chains and bars as the hall door was thrown open. Roderick, unable to contain his curiosity, quickly improvised me into a crutch, and we hastened together to the balustrades to listen to the confused sound of voices in the hall, exclamations of surprise and greetings.

It was our father and Mr. Roche and Geraldine, who had just arrived in a post chaise from Dublin.

A tumult of conflicting feelings rushed upon me as I ran down to meet them. What would my father say and do when he learned our secret? what would Kevin say and do when mother would insist on telling him?

There was a special warmth of affection in father's greeting to me. Would he listen to me if I pleaded very hard for forgiveness for Kevin?—that was the undercurrent of thought as we all met and talked. The next thing that struck me was the grave look on my father's face, the extra solemnity of Mr. Roche, and—what frightened me most of all—to see that Geraldine was looking as though turned to a statue of marble, and to

note the strange unnatural quietness that possessed her. On the first impulse of the moment I begged them impetuously to tell me whether there was anything the matter—why had they come so suddenly?

But father explained that the business which had kept him in Dublin had come to an end sooner than he had expected, and being anxious to return home at once there had been no time to write. He had consulted with Mr. Roche to know what his wishes were—and Geraldine, who had set her heart on coming back to Lara, had over-persuaded her uncle to accept father's offer of escort, and invitation to stay with us until the country has become quieter.

I believe that it went "against the grain" with Geraldine to have to submit to stay under the same roof with a garrison of the Royal troops, but it was only on that stipulation that Mr. Roche had consented to her wish to return.

After the first excitement of the arrival was over, and the post-chaise dismissed, father went into his study. I followed to ask if there was anything I could do for him. He was sitting in the old, high-backed chair

where he used to sit and talk to me, his little motherless girl, in the days long ago. He seemed about to speak, but when he turned and saw me he only said—

“I thought it was Millicent.”

It seemed as though something dreadful were hanging over him. I went to him, and asked that if there was anything the matter would he not tell it to me? He put his arm round me—

“That is what troubles me,” he said, “how can I tell it to you, my poor child?”

“I can bear it. Oh, father, speak!”

Then covering his face with his hands, father spoke—

“My child, my dear child, it is about your brother Kevin. Our Kevin has been taken; they have found him guilty of high treason, and have sentenced him to death. May I be forgiven for every harsh feeling I have had against my poor boy!”

I had never seen my father so broken down before. I hastened to say—almost fearing the shock for him—

“Dear father, *it is not true!*”

But his face was still buried, he heard only my faltering voice.

“Do not let us deceive ourselves,” he said. “The news is in the papers; I only learned it on the journey to-day.”

I repeated—“Believe me, it is not true. Listen to me. Dear father, shall I tell you what is the truth?”

And kneeling there by his side I told him.


* * * * *

Less than an hour later our father and Kevin had met. Kevin had said he was ready; we hoped it would not be too much for him. Mother and I waited at the foot of the stairs.

Presently there was a hasty footstep, and father called—“Come!”

Yes, it had been too much for him. Kevin lay in a death-like faint, but it was our father who supported him in his arms, and there were tears glistening in the eyes which watched the white, worn face; slowly it became a shade less pale. Kevin opened his eyes, and murmured—

“You are all too good for me.” And by-and-bye, in a low, broken voice, he said, “Father, forgive me all; say it again!”



And our father, leaning over him, answered, earnestly—

“Fully and freely, and altogether and for ever, my boy.”

This evening, before I left him for the night, Kevin asked me to read to him the story of the son who, when he came to himself, said, “I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.”

Those were the words which Kevin—proud Kevin, who had always shown himself so unheeding—seemed to like best, for he made me read them twice over. There was a silence after I had closed the Book. Kevin lay with his face turned to the wall. Was it that—for, perhaps, the first time in his life—he was coming to “Our Father which art in Heaven” to say from the heart “Father, I have sinned?”

I could not tell whether it was *with* him, or only *for* him, that in the silence I took up the continuation—“Oh, Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world, grant him Thy peace!”

But I know, any way, that there are five of us under this roof who are joining to-night in a glad thanksgiving for one who, to us, "was dead, and is alive again; was lost and is found."

Father says that the fewer who learn our secret the safer it will be kept. He has easily contented Mr. Roche by letting him simply know that the news of Kevin's arrest was false, but it would have been impossible to have satisfied Geraldine with this bare statement. She would have talked to me constantly of Kevin; she would have asked all sorts of questions, and besides this would certainly before long have discovered where it is that from time to time through the day I disappear. Father said at once—

"She must be told. After having learned the report, she spoke no word for the rest of the journey. The girl's sad face touched me more than words can tell. I thought it would haunt me all my life long."

My poor Geraldine! we broke it gently to her. She said she had never given up hope, but the tension had been almost more than she could bear.

For Kevin's sake we had thought it better to postpone their meeting until another day, but he had said in his determined, imperative way—

“*Now*—ask her if she will come to see me now.”

And I brought Geraldine to the door and left them alone together. When I came back they were looking at the ring with its old inscription, which Kevin had given her the day he had gone away. “*Until by-and-bye*”—the time had come at last.


“It is not like the return of the victorious hero you used to picture to yourself,” Kevin said, with a sad smile, as Geraldine reclasped the keepsake on the bracelet, which she pushed back up her arm.

“Never mind,” she answered, softly, “it is not victory that makes the hero. To fight and fail does not always mean disgrace. Failure may be honour.”

And there came back a light into the weary eyes which looked at her that I have not seen there since the old days.

CHAPTER XX.

October 4th.—Certainly the storm and darkness of this summer have swept us on at last into some very bright days. The week that has passed since last I wrote has been to me so bright that I have sometimes forgotten that until Kevin's safety has been made sure a shadow must overhang the future. Father thinks of counselling him to leave the country, and seek his fortune in America; but as yet he has not spoken of it to Kevin, waiting until he is stronger. I cannot help thinking that Kevin will be unwilling for this; that, to him, it would seem like forsaking his post, and that he still has dreams of retrieving the losses of his party. But if he breathes a word of his plans for the future it must be only to Geraldine. However, it is for her sake, I feel sure, that he has grown content to put off the effort to leave this home-refuge until more physically fit, and until the suspicions of the Government shall have more time to be turned away from these parts.



Father and Roderick both say that so long as the garrison is permitted to stay in our house there is no safer place in the country for Kevin to hide. Daily he is losing that heavy langour, and is gaining life and energy; and I know whose presence it is which has brought the impetus.

Roderick has once more joined our circle. With our aid he has been up twice to "Kevin's tower," as it will surely from henceforth be named by the family. I had forewarned Roderick of the prejudice Kevin had against Captain Dudley, so that he might make a point of bringing in a good word for him now and then. Last time they were together Kevin suddenly demanded, with reckless irreverence—

"Is it true that he is engaged to that Trevor girl?"

"Not a shadow of truth in it!" Roderick exclaimed, indignantly.

Kevin glanced triumphantly at me.

"So Eve has been trying to make you believe that story, has she?" Roderick said, with his mischievous look.

"I did not say that they were engaged—only that I thought it was coming to that."

"Then you thought quite wrongly, my dear, as I told you the other day. I asked Dudley about it, and it was as plain as a pike-staff to see that Miss Lilian had gained no victory in that quarter."

Then Kevin said, rather grandly—

"Eve, my dear, I wish you would go away. I want to have a little talk with Roderick."

"Thank you!" said I, making him a curtsey, "I shall just do nothing of the kind. I know if I were to go away you would begin to talk some treason about me; and since I cannot quite trust Roderick for my advocate, I must stay and see fair play for myself."

"Much chance, then, there will be that I shall be allowed to speak my own thoughts without having every word contradicted so soon as it is uttered! I am afraid this sister of ours is a little goose, who persists in keeping her eyes shut, and will not see when danger is near, nor heed any one who warns her of the approach of the fox. You will have to look after her that she does not fall a prey before she is aware."

"I would tie her to my apron strings if I had any," laughed Roderick.

I was not going to stand being made the subject of such conversation, and should quickly have put a stop to it, only, unfortunately, at that moment I heard myself called by mother. It was tiresome, I thought, for I knew—that left to themselves—those two would talk all sorts of nonsense ; at least, that Kevin would, quite seriously, and Roderick would listen and amuse himself for the fun of the thing.

“ There, don’t you hear you are called ? ” said the former. “ I suppose that, at least, you will obey *that*, if you will not go when *I* tell you.”

Roderick said—“ I shall have to preach you a lecture on obedience, as well as on blind-goosiness. You are disgracefully undutiful—there is her ladyship calling for the second time, and you are keeping her waiting.”

I gave him a shake in passing. “ Don’t let Kevin talk too much, and get excited,” I whispered.

The answer was a wicked look and a knowing, “ I understand.”

Afterwards, when I went to say good-night to Roderick in his own room, he said—

"I am sure Kevin is getting better; he has been talking away by the yard, setting before me my duty with regard to you in the clearest and strongest light."

"What did he say?" I asked.

But Roderick would tell me nothing.

I am quite, quite satisfied that I was wrong—that it was all a mistake to have attached so much meaning to those "feathers." I see now that it must have been my own fancy which magnified them into importance—the idea never seems once to have occurred to anybody else. If I had needed any other proof of my mistake it would have been settled beyond all dispute the day following that conversation between Roderick and Kevin.

Geraldine and I had got away down among the rocks below the terrace for a quiet talk; we had had so little opportunity of being alone together. Ida was paddling about, barefoot, not far off, but we did not mind her, seeing that she was intent upon searching for "curiosities," as she called them, which meant the sudden deposit, from time to time, in my lap of some slimy sea creature with

hundreds of arms and legs all waving at once in every direction. Geraldine settled herself on the ledge of a rock by my side. She looked ready for a regular talk.

"What could you mean," she began straightway, "what could you mean by saying in your letter to me that there was likely to be a marriage between Captain Dudley and Lilian Trevor?"

"I thought it was true"—before there was time to get any further I found that little imp Ida at my elbow, listening with both ears, eagerly. She had caught part of the meaning of our words, and exclaimed, in excitement—

"Is Captain Dudley going to marry Cousin Lilian? And will she have a grand wedding like Martha McGrath? and shall I be bridesmaid?"

Ida could not be silenced.

"Is Captain Dudley going to marry Cousin Lilian?" she repeated; then, as a bright thought struck her, "*I'll ask him!*" up she started, but was promptly pulled down again by me, and strictly forbidden to do anything of the sort, and told she was talking non-

sense. Ida wriggled—"You are hurting me, let me go, Eveleen!"

"Not unless you are a good child."

Ida looked anything but good. By dint of much twisting and wriggling, and many protestations of discomfort, and some signs of coming tears, she gained her liberty, with strict conditions, which, however, it was doubtful whether Ida on her part considered binding. She ran away up the path in the rocks, and was no sooner out of sight than we heard her little wicked, shrill voice say—

"Oh, Captain Dudley, are you really going to marry Cousin Lilian? and may I be your bridesmaid?"

Then a laugh, and another voice saying—

"Now just come here, and tell me what put that idea in this little head of yours?"

"Eveleen said so."

Then no more laughter, but a sudden change of tone, and the words, spoken quickly—

"Eveleen said that? what did she say?"

"She said that, or something like it; and I said I would ask you."

“What else did she say?”

“She said I must *not* ask you ; she said—but here she is, just round this corner—come and tell her yourself.”


But Captain Dudley must have turned sharply and gone back up the pathway, and if he spoke again the words were lost in the distance.

In a short while Geraldine had gone after Ida ; had pounced upon her and had led her off screaming and struggling before her mother, with the request that her act of wilful disobedience might not go unpunished. The sentence was one of banishment to the nursery for the rest of the afternoon. But by-and-bye, Captain Dudley, always an ally of Ida's, found her up there, and having learnt from her the cause of offence, went and appealed to her mother for a speedy end to the exile, which, with the usual indulgence shown to Ida, was readily granted.

Captain Dudley seemed to make a point of saying to Geraldine, in my hearing, that he could not help feeling grateful to the child if her nonsense had in any way helped to clear up a great misunderstanding.

October 5th.—Kevin and Geraldine have taken me into their confidence. I know that they have always cared for one another, and could guess that without pledge or promise each has understood the other since they parted last May.

A fugitive rebel, with a price set on his head, with neither fortune nor future prospects, Kevin has, in these last days, felt bound to keep silence; and yet, in spite of himself, he has at last spoken. Geraldine is, of course, unchanged; she has loved, and loves truly—to her failure and danger make no difference. But with her guardian it is otherwise. Successful or unsuccessful, Kevin O'Rossa, the rebel, would meet with disapproval from Mr. Roche. Even if he dared, Kevin could not speak of it to him now, since Mr. Roche does not know he is here. But Geraldine, ever hopeful, thinks she can win him over when the time shall come.



CHAPTER XXI.

October 6th.—A despatch has arrived from the Colonel of the regiment with instructions to Captain Dudley to hold himself and his little company in readiness to leave this on receiving further notice. Roderick has been granted sick leave, and will remain with us. The news came while we were all at breakfast. Father and mother and Roderick and Geraldine and Lilian and Ida—and even quiet old Mr. Roche raised a chorus of regret.

Little, wild Ida was afterwards found sobbing for grief—Captain Dudley was trying to comfort her, but she was inconsolable at the thought of no more rides down the passages on horseback, no more such exciting games of play as those joined in by Captain Dudley, no one to beg for holidays for her, and to rub out her sums, and play pitch-and-toss with her spelling-book.

“But why cannot you say you will not go?” she asked, through her tears. “We are all so sorry—it is not I only. Mamma

says she is dreadfully sorry, too, and I am sure papa does not want you to go. They *all* told me just now that they were every one of them just as sorry as I am, but that it was of no use to cry about it; they all said that except Eveleen, she said nothing, so I suppose she does not care, but *I* care, and all the others care, and want you to stop—so why must you go?”

“Because I am a soldier, little Ida, and must obey orders. There is not one of you who is as sorry as I am that I have to go.”

So he says, but I do not believe it is true. I am afraid I know who it is who is more sorry. But no one else shall know her name, no one but my old book-friend shall ever guess how dull and depressed, how very, very miserable she has been feeling all the morning.

Another disagreeable thing has happened to-day. Geraldine, in a careless moment, let slip some word which showed Kevin that Captain Dudley is aware that he is in the house. Directly she had done it she sent a frightened apprehensive look towards me and made an attempt to turn the subject. But

Kevin was severely demanding an explanation. I went and leant over the back of his easy-chair and said, feeling very frightened all the while "I hope you will not mind. I did not like to tell you while you were so ill, but since I have been making up my mind whether you ought not to be told. It is true. Captain Dudley does know you are here, but *indeed* I never told him, he guessed it without my meaning it. You *must* trust him when you know how he has kept the secret all this time, and how anxious he has been about you, and how he has often and often done things to help you, and how kindly he has spoken of you and of your side, and how perfectly trustworthy he has shown himself, and how his feelings towards you are far too friendly, and he himself ever so much too good and generous to do anything against you—"and then I sent an appealing glance to Geraldine to help me. Whatever she could find to amuse her just then I am sure I cannot tell, but so it was that she was too much occupied in trying to suppress her laughter to be of any use to me. I felt quite cross with her for being so foolish. To me it was all much too serious a matter. In

spite of all I could say Kevin was unreasonable; he is a terrible one for not listening to reason. Presently he wanted to know rather impatiently, what Geraldine was laughing about. "I was not thinking about *you*," was the reply, "do be sensible Kevin, and don't look so black—cannot you see how wretched you are making Eveleen?" and then her voice grew a little unsteady again and she made her escape.

Afterwards I poured out my trouble to Roderick and said how I wished that Kevin could see and speak with Captain Dudley—this, I thought would help better than any words of ours to remove all prejudice. Roderick by-and-bye told Captain Dudley of what had happened, and he said he had been wishing to ask if he might visit Kevin once before he left to assure him of his goodwill. It was agreed he should go then and there and himself propose to Kevin to receive him, for we all knew it would be of no use to *ask* Kevin beforehand.

But oh! I grieve to say it was an ungracious reception he met with; the few frank kindly words found no friendly response.

Kevin was cold, and even rude, and would not shake hands on parting, and Captain Dudley left, disappointed.

I had placed so much hope in the meeting, and felt so dreadfully sorry that it should end so ; but Captain Dudley said I must not mind, he hoped that all might be put right yet—he could understand Kevin's feelings, and perhaps it had been a mistake to have gone to him so soon ; still in spite of his way of taking it and trying to make it easier for me, a grave look overshadowed his face. Roderick made a remark that it was not to be wondered at if Kevin, in his turn should be disappointed on making the acquaintance of one whose praise's sung in so exalted a style Eveleen had never ceased to dose him with.

It was too bad of Roderick to say that to Captain Dudley, and before me ; but somehow the shadow passed away, it changed into a look (turned upon me) full of gratification, surprise and enquiry. Geraldine chose to add that never before this day had she known how eloquent an advocate Eveleen could be.

Another trouble in our household to-day is that father has been suddenly recalled to Dublin on unexpected business. He says he

must see the tenants at Ballycarrig before leaving to-night,

“ You look pale, child—staying so much in the house is not good for you ; you ought to get out somehow.” It was my father who spoke. Some of us had come out on the terrace to watch him set off by boat for Ballycarrig. Mother would have felt easier if he would have consented to be accompanied by armed soldiers, but father had refused all protection : he said the day had not yet come when he could not trust himself among his own people.

When father spoke those words about the necessity for me of getting more fresh air, Captain Dudley, who was standing near, asked to be allowed to take me out for a row on the water. Father said it would be just the thing and then he went off. It looked very tempting out there on the water, where a fresh breeze was blowing and the sunbeams were dancing, but I had to force myself to say “ No,” for I remembered regretfully that I had promised Kevin to go to him at three o’clock to read to him the newspapers which came by to-day’s mail.

Captain Dudley said surely he could wait

until another time, and reminded me that he himself would soon have to leave—would I not grant him this pleasure to-day? But although I did not say it, I felt especially anxious not to thwart Kevin in any way, after he had been so displeased that morning, and also I had not the courage to give him as a reason for staying away that I was going with Captain Dudley in the boat, and he would be sure to want to know what I was going to do.

“*You are always going away,*” was the bitter complaint made when I repeated the refusal.

“It seems to me I never see anything of you. Do you know that sometimes I wonder what I can have done, and whether you avoid me on purpose?” The words and the tone took me by surprise, the others had gone in—we were standing alone.


“I have had so much to do for Kevin all these last few days”—remembering while I said it that before Kevin came, there had been another reason, which I could not explain—the idea that I was not wanted. It was the same low emphatic tone which continued “It is not the last few days only, it has been the same

all the time I have been here : and now— and now the time is coming to an end, and I must tell you I do feel disappointed.” Then he broke off, only to go on again with “ It is most kind of Mr. and Mrs. O’Rossa and of them all to express regret that—apart from losing the protection of our guard of soldiers—I should be obliged to leave. It is natural, since you will have Roderick left, if, as little Ida says, you should not care.

What could I say but simply answer “ I do care. I, too, am sorry.” Captain Dudley looked much better pleased at this, but he only said “ Then I will try to be more contented.” And then I suddenly discovered by the shadows of the castle walls on the water below that it must be already past three o’clock. “ Will you come with me in the boat to-morrow ? ”—I promised.

Is it the day or I who have changed so curiously since the morning? I never remember a day marked by so sharp a contrast which began so darkly and ends so brightly.

Good-night dear diary : to-morrow I will tell you of a half-hour on the water which you and I will remember long after all others have forgotten.



CHAPTER XXII.

“To-morrow” I said, but days have passed whose history I must tell from the beginning—What did it matter to me that bright Saturday morning if Kevin showed signs of irritability, and the batch of bread, I was helping Honor to bake, turned out a failure because, when my back was turned, Ida kept opening the oven door to peep in? “Its lively you are the day miss, honey,” Honor observed as I was singing over a pudding which had to be mixed.

A wonderful revelation had come to me the day before, so it seemed to me, which by some sort of magnetic instinct I had begun to understand—never mind what it was. I was on the terrace, soon after three o’clock, the hour arranged for the boating plan. I waited until I was tired, until I had begun to feel proud and hurt. Captain Dudley was nowhere to be seen. Just as I was about to come away he appeared; he was walking very slowly, and though he was looking

straight before him, did not seem to see me until he had come quite near; then, with a start, he roused up as from a reverie, and remembered.

“Oh, are you waiting for the boat? Is it time yet?” he said, half hurriedly, half absently.

After all the apparent eagerness of the yesterday he had forgotten very easily! He seemed so unready that I said I thought I had changed my mind, and did not wish to go with him. But then he roused up altogether, and said—

“Do not say that. Come. It may be for the last time.”

But his voice sounded so strange, quite different from when he spoke the day before of the time which is coming to an end; and he looked so strange and serious, and rowed on and on, out to sea, in silence. It made me feel odd and shy. I could not understand what was the matter. It was one of those dead, still, mellow autumn afternoons when a yellow light seemed shining everywhere—over sea and sky, and land. The dark shadows of the castle walls were reflected

clearly in the calm deep. I was looking at them, almost longing to be back on shore; the oars had been laid aside, our boat was drifting for a few moments in the supreme silence which surrounded all; when presently I turned my head, and found a fixed, almost fierce gaze fastened on me. As our eyes met he seemed ready to say something, but if so, stopped before it was said, and grasping the oars again, turned the boat and rowed rapidly homewards. It was not at all a happy half-hour, and I was glad when it was over.

An oppression like that of the autumn atmosphere had overcome me, and I felt under too great a constraint to ask Captain Dudley if anything had happened. I had never seen such a strange, settled gloom on his face before. He was going into the house, but Roderick, on crutches, met and kept us talking on the terrace for a few minutes.

"Why, what is the matter with you, old fellow?" he asked, almost directly.

The question was turned off, and Captain Dudley soon left us.

"What *can* be the matter?" I said, appealing to Roderick.

But it made it the more puzzling to see that he did not know.

"I was beginning to wonder if *you* knew the reason," he said; "it is a relief to me to know that you do not."

What exactly that meant he did not explain.

Soon afterwards, on my way through the house, as I was passing the little chapel, I found the door ajar. Something compelled me to turn aside into this quiet retreat, where, undisturbed, I could tell all on my knees to the only One who could help. I felt so shamed and saddened; everything seemed sad, so unspeakably sad. Yesterday's joy was all an illusion, the reaction was humiliating, not to say alarming; it laid bare to me beyond all mistake the real feelings of my own heart. Suddenly a sound startled me; hastily raising my face from the velvet cushion, where it had been laid, I saw, to my unutterable surprise, a man's figure, kneeling at the other end of the chapel, with the head and both arms leaning in a prostrate, agitated attitude against one of the woodwork rails. Again the sound came—a deep-

drawn, smothered cry or groan. And then a quiet moment of silence, while I scarcely knew whether to dare to stay or move. As I rose from my knees Captain Dudley rose, too, and turned and saw me. He came towards me in silence, and stood before me. I could see that he looked changed since last I had seen him, but a quarter of an hour ago ; there was a look more like peace and strength in his face, and he spoke quite quietly and collectedly. He said—

“ There is something I have to say. I should like to say it to you first ; or rather, will you read this ? ”

He drew out a large sheet of letter-paper, which he unfolded and held one side of it, while I took the other and read. It was a letter from his Colonel, with instructions that in case Captain Dudley should learn of the whereabouts of Kevin O'Rossa, the rebel, he should at once send and make him prisoner ; then communicate with headquarters, and await further orders. Foremost amidst the crowd of thoughts which these brief words aroused were the two to which I gave utterance—

"He must escape without delay. I am glad you know all, and can help us."

That last thought simplified matters wonderfully, there would be none of the trouble and contriving for the exit which had been necessary to gain the entrance.

Captain Dudley did not at first answer; when I looked up his gaze was still bent on the paper, and then, without raising it, he said, quietly—

"I must obey orders."

Slowly in the silence which followed, standing there where the pale, yellow sunlight fell through the chapel's high oriel window, and rested beside us on the two recumbent figures in stone, which have lain side by side for centuries over the monument "*To the memory of Kevin O'Rossa and Kathleen, his wife*"—slowly, but surely, it became clear to me what these last-spoken words meant. They meant, after all dangers which had been met and passed, all risks which had been run and won, that now at last Kevin was to be betrayed—betrayed by one we had trusted, by the friend who had shared our hospitality! They meant, in

every human probability—and neither of us standing there attempted to shun the prospect—they meant a prisoner made and kept ; a prisoner sent and delivered up to his enemies ; a prisoner put on his trial who would scorn to repent and be pardoned, and, *therefore*, a trial without hope, a condemnation without reprieve, a death without escape.

And then I knew that the soldier's prayer had been for strength to "obey orders."

Side by side lay the stone statues of the quiet dead, their toils and their joys in this world over for ever ; side by side stood the two living figures, but a great gulf had opened between them, which it seemed no bridge might ever span.

It was a low, husky voice which broke the silence.

"I knew you would never speak to me again. I reckoned I should forfeit for ever your friendship. I have thought it out to the end, what you would all say and think of me for turning against you and doing this thing—you who have all showed me such kindness as can never be forgotten. There is only one

thing I ask you to believe and remember always : it is this—that you can never know—God only knows—what it costs me to do my duty to-day.”

In the midst of the anguish I felt as though it must be even harder for him than for me. It would have been so easy to have hushed the matter up, to have given the warning, and let Kevin escape unnoticed; not one of us in the secret would ever have been likely to have reported him as false to his colours; not one of his own soldiers need ever have known it.

“Are you *quite sure* it is your duty?” I asked it, not expecting that he would falter, but rather from that rebel stand-point, sympathy with which I have scarcely yet lost long enough to be over-ready to acknowledge the supremacy of a command from England or England’s officials.

The answer which came was “I would give all I possess if there could be room for a doubt.”

I knew—whatever others might say—I knew, that he was true : although duty called one way and friendship called another, that in

the noblest sense he was true to both. I just said "Do not think I blame you," and he said "God bless you for those words." For one minute I knelt again, and I think that not far off he was kneeling too, and then we both came out of the chapel, and went to find Roderick.

As we passed the front door and the side door I noticed that at each the guard was doubled.

The others were told at last : it was I who told Geraldine. I cannot yet bear to remember that moment. She bore it bravely. Roderick said he supposed that it was he who ought to carry the letter to Kevin which Captain Dudley wrote and in which in the name of King George he declared him to be a prisoner, but at the last he said he could not do it, and it was Honor who saved all of us the pain. (Honor had known about Kevin, and had been helping us for some days.) I am sure it was a nicely worded letter, but I never read it : it was torn up and carelessly flung aside by the time Roderick and I went to Kevin. It was Roderick's desire to urge him to promise never again to take up arms

against the King's cause, to promise fealty from henceforth, and so to let a pardon be sought. Captain Dudley also was earnestly desirous for this; it was his only hope. He had told us he had influence at the English Court and that he would strive to his utmost power to use it on Kevin's behalf, if only he could be brought to promise allegiance to the King and the laws of the land.

Roderick did his best to attempt—as he has for long been wishing to attempt—to convince Kevin that all he has done has been one great mistake. I tried—as I have long wished to try—to say that I too had grown to think the same; but it was not of the least avail. Kevin would rather die than yield. Geraldine encouraged him, and when we found that no amount of reasoning could shake his opinions Roderick and I could say no more; under these circumstances we could not urge him to plead for a pardon.

The next day was Sunday, and we all attended service in the chapel: the rain fell unceasingly: it was dark and dreary.


I think I can never forget that Sunday morning service. I think that scene will

always remain with me as I remember it now—the soldiers filling the old family seats ; a handful of peasants who watched them wondering ; Mr. Roche standing up once more in the pulpit, preaching a long, long discourse, looking and speaking just the same as nearly every other Sunday ever since I can remember ; mother listening with bended head, and hands clasping her big prayer book, at times turning to quiet Ida who played wearily with all the cushion tassels within reach ; Lilian, with the sweeping feather drooping from her broad hat, reclining in her seat with an air of reluctant resignation, yawning often behind her fan ; Geraldine with pale steadfast face turned upwards towards the oriel window where the mist blurred the panes ; Honor sitting upright, looking rigid and immovable ; Captain Dudley and Roderick, each an example to their men, by their attitude of attention, but each wearing a look of grave pre-occupation. Little guessed the preacher as his discourse wound monotonously on and on (I think it was a treatise on virtue—"the virtue of a godly life")—little indeed he guessed what were the thoughts of his audience that day. Little guessed the King's soldiers,

armed and equipped, little guessed their officers, each with his sword at his side, of the secret plot which had already been laid, and which was even now being worked out deep down in the thoughts of some of those present.

Four there were of that little quiet-seeming congregation who held a life-or-death secret in their hearts ; four had pledged themselves to help to save the life of the King's prisoner ; they were only four women who felt themselves to be strong in nothing, unless it were in love and hope, but who rested their helplessness on the same Almighty aid which once long ago had sent His messenger within some prison walls to loose the chains of one who lay bound between soldier-guards, and which had bade the prison gates open and had brought out the prisoner and delivered him to the friends who had been praying.

Our step-mother and Geraldine, Honor and I were those, who with Kevin, had formed a plan of escape. If Honor's means of drugging the guards at their night-post succeeded ; if Mr. Roche could be trusted with the secret of which he had hitherto been totally unconscious ; if he would consent to give in marriage the adopted child he cherished to the




rebel he had learnt to abhor; if he could be brought to read the marriage service over them that night; if the key of the subterranean passage could, beforehand, be again secured; if the outer doors which shut off the sleeping rooms of Captain Dudley and of Roderick from the rest of the house, could be bolted, unheard; if the six in the secret could assemble in safety in the chapel at midnight; if in passing from thence to the dungeons no sound were to reach the rest of the soldiers in their sleeping-quarters; if Terry O'Toole could be trusted to have a boat in readiness and take them as far as Ballycarrig; if the people of Ballycarrig would prove themselves true to Kevin, and lend him and Geraldine disguises, and convey them by one of their fishing boats down the coast to Killala; if they could escape all detection; if friends to the cause, known to Kevin at Killala, would give them shelter until such time as the next ship to America was to sail from the port; if they could reach America in safety—*then* all might be well. How many “if’s” there were to encounter, and how desperate the chances which were at stake! But we remembered that story of old, and took courage.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was a weird wedding which took place in the little chapel at midnight. All passed so hurriedly that it has left but a confused remembrance of what really happened. First, noiseless steps stealing at intervals from different parts of the house, and gathering in silence in the cold, dim chapel; then, within locked doors, the solemn words of prayer and psalm and vow, hurried over below the breath, and shortened as much as possible; the bride and bridegroom muffled in strange, travelling disguise; the minister, an old man, trembling in every nerve, ready at any moment to break down, holding the book with hands which shook, saying the words with a voice which faltered, pausing from time to time, as he lost the place, fumbled and found it, and mumbled on—while from time to time the bridegroom would say something to urge him to read faster and yet faster, interrupting those parts of the service

he considered unnecessary, and once catching away the book to hastily turn the page, and indicate the next words to be said. Every sound excited suspense, each shadow brought alarm as it rose and fell, according to the sway of the lamp, held by Honor. Then a grateful hand-grasp from Kevin to Mr. Roche, a word of thanks, Geraldine clasped in my arms for the first and last time as my own sister; embraces, leave-takings, farewells on all sides, last whispers, Mr. Roche's parting blessing, Geraldine's face hidden from sight behind her great hood; they two—she and Kevin—following after Honor and the lamp; the rest of us pausing for one moment of dead stillness in the darkened chapel—then the last outlook from the window on the turret stairs; black rocks and sky; the cool night air; the roll of the waves breaking on the shingle; a torchlight gleaming through the darkness; a low plash of oars; something white fluttering for a moment, as a farewell signal, then blotted from sight—the sound of oars heard no more—the light fading into only a spark, growing fainter and fainter, until lost in black distance; the waves



gathering and breaking still, the dark surrounding all that was left.

So they went from us, away into their unknown future; and we, left behind, turned back to an empty turret and to hours of watching and waiting.

All the next day mother and I kept away from the others, and so warded off the suspicion which might arise if Geraldine were missed. We let it be understood that we wished to remain in retirement, undisturbed; it was not thought unnatural, considering the constrained terms on which alone we could meet in public; it was known that mother was occupied writing the whole account to my father, and it was supposed that Geraldine and I wished to spend the time in the turret-prison.

The guards roused from the effects of the hospitable "punchbowl," into which Honor had smuggled some strong drug, in time to escape reprimand.

The hours for me, shut up in the deserted, still tower, passed, filled with a strange blending of hope and anxiety; many thoughts went after the travellers, many

thoughts turned full of yearning pity to one, who, although close by, beneath the same roof, there might as yet be no word whispered to lighten or raise his burden. And mingled with these thoughts came grave apprehensions of what the consequences of our act might mean for him. We have saved Kevin's life at all costs ; but it will indeed be dearly bought if it brings disgrace or dishonour on our friend's name. Will he be able to clear himself before the authorities? Will his word be believed by them? However this might be, we knew surely it would be relief to him to learn that his prisoner had escaped. But meanwhile, unconscious of this, the burden only grew more hopelessly heavy. He had written, explaining all to his commanding officer, and had begged to know whether, in consideration of the circumstances, something might not be done to set him free from so painful a task as that imposed on him. The answer returned was—*"Bring the prisoner yourself, with a strong escort, without delay."*

And the soldier, summoning all strength

set himself to obey an order which, to him, was harder than death.

His face that day I can never forget, it will live with me while I live ; it will be with me when I die ; shall I forget it in the land where pain shall be no more ? or shall I find it again—the pain long past, the peace and the praise abiding—a perpetual memory of “ him that overcometh ? ”

To me it was given to lift the pain into praise. It was I who was sent to reveal the glad truth, to show him the empty prison, to tell him that his prisoner was safe on the waters, on the way to America ; to tell him that, as it was to me he had first entrusted the tidings of sadness, so now, first to him I brought the message of gladness.

La notte di tristezza è la vigilia di allegrezza—“ The night of sadness is the eve of gladness.”

We found it to be true—there in the empty tower—there by the narrow casement, through which we had once watched together the darkness deepen before the dawn. The night and its dark hours of doubt and

chaos and confusion, of watching and weariness, and longing, were past and over; the dawn—despite the one black shadow which still shrouded the future—the dawn had come; a sunrise, surpassing the most golden dreams I have ever guessed, has begun to shed its light and glory over all my life for evermore.

“I love you. I have loved you so long!
. . .”

CHAPTER XXIV.

May Day, 1799.—All the winter my diary has laid unopened; there have been long letters to write instead to England and to America.

Ever since that morning in October, when the faithful fishermen of Ballycarrig brought the news that the travellers in disguise were safely on board a ship which had sailed at once for America, the accounts have continued to be cheering.

As their boat entered Killala harbour some Government papers were thrown on board*—they found on opening them, they were notices of the reward for the arrest of Kevin O'Rossa, colonel in the rebel army. Kevin passed the papers to the boatmen.

“There!” he said, “give me up, and you will receive five hundred pounds!”

We can never hope to repay the loyalty of those poor fishermen, to whom five hundred pounds would have been a life fortune.

* A fact in the life of Hamilton Rowan.

They are content to suffer loss for the sake of the cause they have at heart—for the sake of him they hold in honour. They say they are repaid to know he has reached safe shores—they say they count it the highest honour of their lives to have helped to save him.

Over there—in America—Kevin is growing strong again, and is working hard : Geraldine is making his exile happy, and both are waiting and living for an hour in which they still place hope, but a hope which to many in Ireland has long ago changed to despair ; for in Ireland the difficulties have not ceased, the obstacles are not yet overcome—the hour of true peace seems as far off as ever.

Martial law, Royalist subjugations, punishments, pardons, imprisonments, exiles, death-condemnations have done their work so far as to regain a time of what seems once more like tranquillity, and here in England, they congratulate themselves and me that “ peace is being once more restored ;” but they know nothing of the strong current of dissatisfaction which underlies the seeming calm—they guess nothing of the real feelings of our people.

The official inquiries which followed Kevin's escape gave us great anxiety—the appearances were against Bernard, but this burden also has been lifted—Bernard has been acquitted from all blame.

Poor little Martha McGrath is a widow. Peter was missing for long ; no one could bring news of him, until at length by ceaseless efforts, Kevin discovered, and sent word to Martha that he perished months ago. Her friends do not care to inquire too closely how he met his death, and Martha believes he died on the battle-field.

A piece of paper was brought to mother one day by one of our men when he returned from the fighting ; he said he had picked it up beneath the dead body of young Pat Connor ; it seemed like the beginning of a letter.

“*Dear lady,*” it began, but no other words were added ; folded within the paper was a worn and crumpled card ; on it were words printed clearly, though the ink was faded ; it was stained and soiled ; all that was legible was “*He hath first loved us,*” and a fragment of Saint Patrick's prayer, “*Christ at my right hand.*”

And there came back to our memory the image of the bright promising lad as he stood before us that May-day in the fields. But the stained paper was all that was left—another young life had been cut off and sacrificed—and for what end?

Kevin wrote a letter to Bernard, which quite softened his former ungraciousness. Since hearing of our betrothal he has written most kindly and considerately, and I know that for my sake he is willing to make the best of what he cannot help, and in time I feel sure that he will learn to love and value Bernard for his own sake.

Lilian Trevor left us last autumn. She said she could endure the dulness of Lara no longer. She went on the invitation of a friend to stay in England, and soon we heard of her marriage to a rich, English baronet. I was very glad, but have since been made sorry by hearing that the marriage is not as happy as we had hoped. Bernard saw her not long since; she was riding in a coroneted coach, but her face, he said, still wore the same discontented, unsatisfied look.

Poor Lilian ! my heart has reproached me

so often ; have I been uncharitable in writing things against her—was I quite as kind to her as I might have been during her long, dull stay at Lara ? At first too—in the first days of that new joy which came to me in the autumn—I feared lest it might perhaps have brought some pain to her ; but Roderick, and Bernard too, always laughed at my fears and said they were sure they were groundless ; and I found they were in the right, and that Lilian's real hopes were turned elsewhere.

In December, when Bernard was with us on a short leave, having one day invaded my little turret room, my journal by some accident fell into his hands. My sacred, secret journal, of whose existence none beside myself had ever known ! My silent companion, to whom I had entrusted so many foolish confidences—to whom I had repeated so often one name in particular, recording such trivial sayings and doings which by others must long ago have been forgotten—how could I let *him* read it ? But that was just what he insisted upon doing. We had a fight over it—a struggle and a chase, but he won—he

had caught sight of his own name, and would give me no peace until he had made me say that I did not really mind letting him read what I had written. We laughed over it together. Little things written with such earnestness at the time, did seem foolish when looked back upon from so changed a point of view. They seemed to have a peculiar fascination for Bernard—he read on and on, re-persuading me when my permission began to falter, keeping my hands bound when I tried to close the pages. He made me tell him all my fears and fancies about Lilian, but before I had put them into words they had faded away—it did not need his all-conclusive explanations to satisfy me. I knew before he told me how I had magnified and exaggerated fancies of my own making—how even facts may be interpreted wrongly. The pages of my journal helped also to make still clearer to him the cause for the absence and cold neglect with which he had once been ready to reproach me.

Long ago I should have burnt these pages but Bernard would not let me. He says I must keep them always. And so they stand

—with all their imperfections—all their young mistakes—all their hard sayings—with all their love and their hatred—all their wrong and their right. It may be they have taught me some lessons, these pages fresh from my life-story.

To-day I open them for the last time to add these last words.

Our new life began one day last April, in the chapel at Lara, when Bernard and I knelt together on the same ground where once our lives had seemed to part for ever, and when, among April sunshine and April showers, I left Knocklara, my old home, my own people, to come away with him to this his country, which, to me, but one year ago, was a strange and hated land.

Ah, I have learned and unlearned many things within this year !

Bernard is taking delight in showing his little, wild, Irish girl, the sights and wonders of this great, bewildering City of London.

The other day in a crowd, he called my attention to a little group standing apart—the people as they passed were lifting their hats and bowing.

"That is the King," Bernard said. I looked then with all my eyes, but could not first tell who was the King or who was not—there seemed to me to be no great difference. At last I noticed an old man, with a kindly, benevolent face, who was returning Bernard's salutation with courtly graciousness, and Bernard told me he was the King.

He laughed at me afterwards, and asked if I had expected to see some one wearing a crown and royal robes, a fierce, imperious King with "injustice to Ireland" stamped on every line of his countenance? Well, I may confess it is true that the terrible, tyrant King, whom in Ireland I had been taught to believe crushed our people with cruel laws, is different to the picture I saw before me to-day, different to the accounts I hear on all sides—a contrast to the truths Bernard has so often explained to me about English Government in Ireland.

When I go back to my country—as Bernard promises I shall (for, for my sake he has left the army, and means to settle in Ireland)—it shall be my mission to try and teach the people to honour the King as their

own King—to love England as their own land—to value and obey English rule as the rules of their own Government—to live true lives for their country—to help, not hinder its true peace and progress.

Bernard will try and teach them to believe in what he himself has always believed. By all the mistakes and misunderstandings, by all the pain and perplexities of the past year—I too will try and teach them a wiser way. And we both—God helping us—will make it our prayer and our purpose to bring all within our reach, each individually, to own allegiance to the King of heaven and earth, so that in every sense, it may come true that “One King shall be king to them all; and they shall be no more two nations, neither shall they be divided into two kingdoms any more at all.”

THE END.



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

